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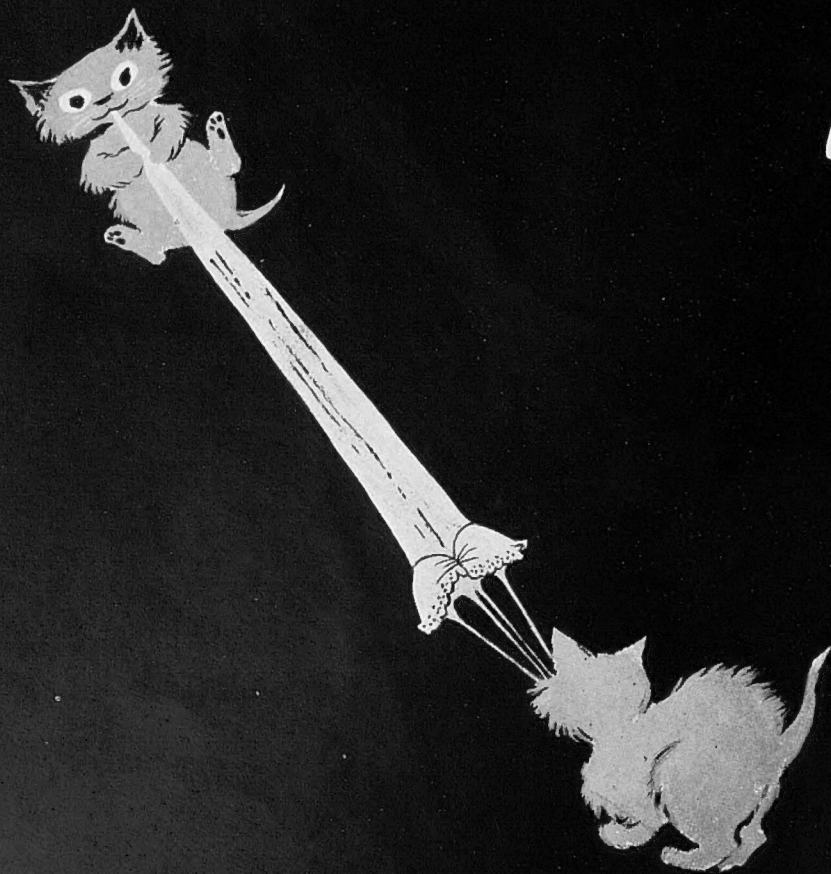
# TATTLER

& BYSTANDER



MAY 9, 1956  
TWO SHILLINGS





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REGISTERED TRADE MARK

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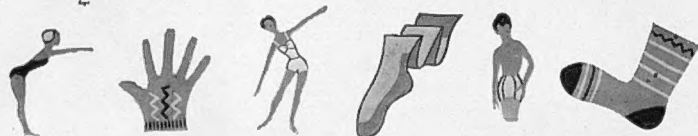
Remember—there are many stretch nylon yarns but there's only one HELANCA (Regd. trade mark). Remember too—HELANCA is the only guaranteed wonder-stretch yarn that has swept Europe, the U.S.A., Canada and recently Australia. Now test it for yourself — just handle a garment made of HELANCA Yarn and feel its gentle, soft and absorbent texture; then try it on and feel it become part of you stretching to fit and relax as comfortably as a wrinkle-free second skin. HELANCA Yarn is hygienic, porous and kind to even the most sensitive skin, letting it 'breathe' naturally every day of every Season. Reborn with each washing, mothproof and creaseproof — It saves on your budget for you and your family, and gives extra long wear.

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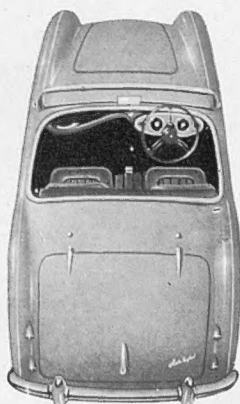
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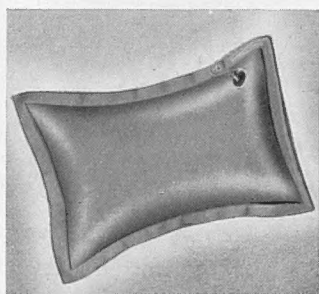
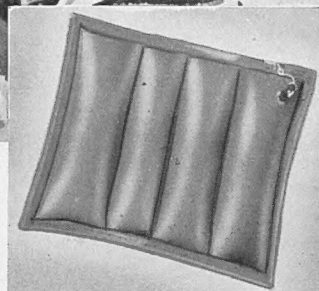
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IInd International Song Festival (3rd—7th July)

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Fête of the "Redentore" (14th July)

XVth International Theatre Festival (July—August)

Night Fête on the Grand Canal (18th August)

XVIIth International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art (28th August—8th September)

Historic Regatta (2nd September)

XIXth Festival of International Contemporary Music (11th—22nd September)

IInd International Literary Prize "Venezia" (30th September)

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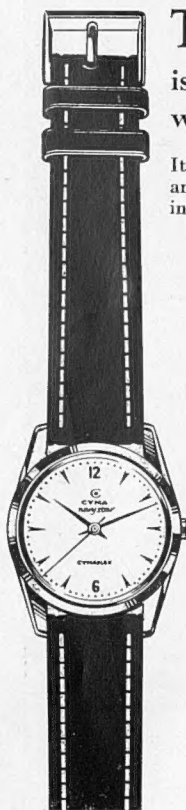
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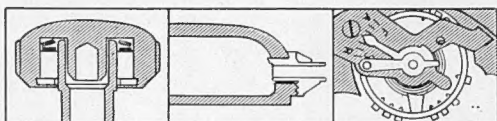
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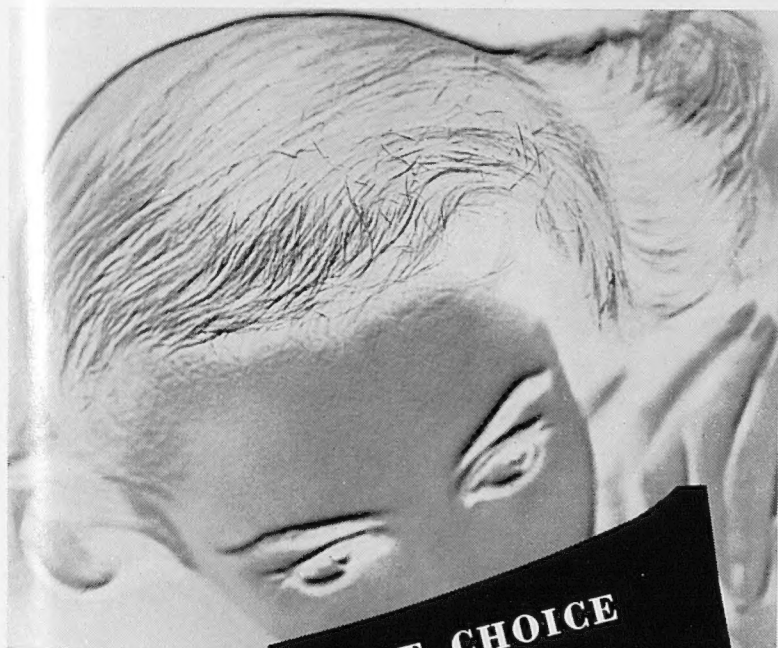


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## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 9 to May 16, 1956



THE SCENT OF LILAC is on the wing, and our cover picture this week gives expression to that immemorial symbol of spring now coming into bloom in gardens everywhere. It features Mattli's beautiful dress in wild silk shantung, perfect for Ascot or gala garden parties, with which goes a circular toque hat with a decoration of English roses, by Vernier. The photograph was taken by John French

**May 9 (Wed.)** The Queen and Prince Philip visit the Duchy of Cornwall.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, as Chancellor of London University, attends the Presentation Day ceremony at the Albert Hall, at which Her Majesty will confer primary degrees.

Golf: First Day of the Ladies' Spring Meeting at Roehampton (and 10th).

First Night of *The House By The Lake* at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Special performance of *Hotel Paradiso* at the Winter Garden Theatre in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association.

Cocktail Parties: Mrs. Slater for Miss Caroline Slater, at Viscountess Buckmaster's house. Mrs. Geoffrey Lowndes for her daughter, Miss Jennifer Akers-Douglas, at the Cavalry Club.

Racing at Chester (Chester Cup).

**May 10 (Thur.)** Royal Windsor Horse Show opens in the Home Park, Windsor.

Dances: Mrs. Frederick Roberts and Mrs. Peter Martineau for Miss Felicity Roberts and Miss Angela Martineau, at Grocers' Hall, E.C.2. Mrs. Basil Henderson (small dance) for Miss Rozanna Henderson, at 23 Knightsbridge.

Pied Piper's Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

Racing at Chester.

**May 11 (Fri.)** Royal Windsor Horse Show (second day).

Dances: Madame de Steensen-Leth and Countess Alette Brockenhuus-Schack for Mlle. Anne de Steensen-Leth and Comtesse Dagmar Brockenhuus-Schack at the Danish Embassy. Mrs. Horace MacDowel for Miss Brigid MacDowel at Hailey Manor, Oxon.

Dance in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis at Winington Hall, Northwich, Cheshire.

Dance at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

Racing at Kempton Park and Newton Abbot.

**May 12 (Sat.)** Sir Anthony Eden receives the Freedom of the City of Perth.

Royal Windsor Horse Show (last day).

British Photographers Exhibition, R.B.A. Galleries (to June 9).

Dance: Mrs. Richard Critchley for Miss Geraldine Critchley, Hook House, Northaw, Herts.

Racing at Kempton Park (Jubilee H'cap.), Worcester and Newton Abbot.

Middleton and Middleton East Hunts point to point at Whitwell-on-the-Hill, Yorks.

**May 13 (Sun.)** The Queen and Princess Margaret attend the Empire Youth Service at St. Mary's Church, Portsea, Hants.

**May 14 (Mon.)** The Duke of Gloucester visits H.Q. Northern Forces, Central Europe, in Germany, and also the 2nd Bn. Scots Guards.

Croquet: First day of the Peel Memorials at Roehampton.

Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Wolverhampton.

**May 15 (Tues.)** The Queen and Prince Philip attend a rally of National Savings workers at Guildhall.

Princess Margaret opens a new school of the Royal London Society for the Blind, at Seal, Kent.

Royal Dublin Society Evening Jumping Show at Ballsbridge.

Dance: The Hon. Mrs. Batt for Miss Caroline and Miss Sarah Batt in London.

The England Ball at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Newmarket and Wolverhampton.

**May 16 (Wed.)** Dance: Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Pleach for Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith and Countess Bunny Esterhazy at Claridge's.

Distinguished Visitors' Dinner at the Savoy Hotel, at which Princess Marie Louise will preside.

Racing at Newmarket (Newmarket Stakes), Bath and Leopardstown.

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Barry Swaabe

## Conversation piece in a London home

THIS CHARMING FAMILY GROUP shows Mrs. Peter Leng with her two small children, her son, Hamish, and her three-year-old daughter, Victoria. Mrs. Leng's husband is Major Peter Leng, M.C., who is in the Scots Guards, and this photograph was taken

in the London home of his mother, Mrs. S. Collier. The children's maternal grandmother is Mrs. Archie Pearson who is related to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. Sir Peter Lely's beautiful portrait "Mrs. Wright" looks down with approval at the young family





BENEATH THE ROYAL ARMS, H.E. Major-General Sir Robert Laycock, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, watches with Lady Laycock the dancing at the State Ball they gave in the Hall of St. Michael and St. George at Valetta. With them are Major Walter Bonello, M.V.O., the Colonial A.D.C. and Lieut. Francis Ponsonby, A.D.C. and Private Secretary to the Governor. Sir Robert, who has been Governor of Malta since 1954, was Chief of Combined Operations in the war. The Laycocks' home in England is at Wiseton in Yorkshire

## Social Journal

Jennifer

# THE SPRING BALL

ALL who were present at the Spring Ball at the May Fair Hotel were delighted to see that gallant and courageous personality Princess Marie-Louise, making her first appearance in public since her recent attack of pneumonia. Her Highness was President of the ball, which was in aid of the British Asthma Association, and had been determined to attend the ball if humanly possible. This Association, which does so much to lessen the prevalence of asthma and to reduce the discomfort of sufferers, needs more members, and not only asthmatics but anyone, interested in their welfare, can join. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who is always untiring in her efforts for anything she undertakes, was chairman of the ball so it was bound to be a success, and it was not surprising to hear that tickets had been sold out two weeks before the night.

Wearing a diamond necklace with her white satin dress, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys accompanied the Princess to the top table, with the deputy-chairman Mrs. Isaac Wolfson and other members of the ball committee. Also sitting at the top table were Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Mr. Isaac Wolfson,

M. Pierriet the famous French chest specialist of La Bourboul who wore an impressive display of decorations, the Queen's physician Sir Horace Evans, with Lady Evans, who wore a diamond tiara with her purple chiffon dress, Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, M. and Mme. Arpad Plesch, the Contessa di Sant Elia, who was one of the vice-presidents, and had a big party at another table, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin Thomas, Lady Hodder Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Steinberg who had a party of friends at a nearby table. Their guests included Lord and Lady Mancroft, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, the Hon. Thomas Hazlerigg, and Mr. Teddy Remington-Hobbs.

OTHERS there were Lord Keyes, Mr. Peter Stuart-Heaton, the very able honorary secretary of the House of Lords Yacht Club, Lady Jennifer Bernard, Mr. Edward Voules and his sister Mrs. Stephen Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Browne and her two attractive sisters Miss Jacqueline and Miss Gay Ryder, Mr. Roderick Playfair, the Hon. Edward Gibson and his sister the Hon. Oonagh Gibson whose twenty-first birthday it was, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy who brought a big party.

Miss Jean Bodley Scott and Miss Jean

Evans, who looked very pretty in a pale orchid mauve dress, were joint chairmen of a young committee who worked indefatigably to help run the tombola and other items for the success of the evening. Major Cyril Kent gave a beautiful double black fox fur which was auctioned in aid of the Association

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to the R.A.F. station at Waterbeach in Cambridgeshire when H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent presented a new Standard to the famous No. 56 Fighter Squadron stationed there. The Duchess, who looked very chic wearing a little cap made of cerise velvet petals with a long clerical grey coat and a silver fox stole, was met on arrival by the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, Air Marshal H. L. Patch, and the station commander, Major J. E. H. Kaisin (Belgian Air Force), and the latter escorted her when she inspected the Squadron. The Rev. Canon A. S. Giles, the R.A.F.'s Chaplain-in-Chief, conducted the ceremony of consecration, after which the Duchess presented the Standard to the Squadron, and gave a short address from the dais. Major Kaisin

replied and presented her with a silver paper knife as a memento of the occasion on behalf of past and present members of the Squadron.

At the end of the march past the Duchess and many of those present went into the big hangar where three of the most modern Hawker Hunter fighters were on view. Between them was an S.E.5, one of the fighter planes used by this Squadron towards the end of World War One, in which they had such a magnificent record—the Squadron destroyed 200 enemy aircraft in five and a half months, and 427 by the end of that war, often meeting Richthofen's "circus" at its strongest.

Two officers were awarded the Victoria Cross, the late Capt. J. T. B. McCudden, who shot down fifty enemy planes, and Capt. Albert Ball, who had forty-four to his credit. Another great pilot of that war was W/Cdr. Gerald Constable-Maxwell who shot down twenty-seven enemy aircraft, many of them from an S.E.5. He happily survived, to become the C.O. at Ford from 1941-45, and was present at this ceremony. When he showed the S.E.5 to the Duchess of Kent he remarked that in the days of World War One they had a gun on the plane, but no radio or parachute!

In the last war this Squadron, which was the first to be equipped with Typhoons, had another splendid record and accounted for 149 enemy aircraft.

The Duchess and her entourage then lunched with the C.O. and members of the Squadron in the Officers' Mess. Among those present, besides those already mentioned, were Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald and Lady Ivelaw-Chapman, Air Marshal Sir Alan and Lady Lees, Mrs. Patch, Capt. R. G. Briscoe, Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, Air Marshal W. J. Crisham who, I heard, was shortly off to Cyprus, and two of W/Cdr. Constable-Maxwell's brothers, Dr. David Constable-Maxwell, a keen amateur pilot who has his own airfield at his home in Leicestershire, and W/Cdr. Michael Constable-Maxwell who, until recently, was with a jet fighter squadron and has just taken over the command of the University Squadron at Oxford.

Others there included the Mayor of Cambridge and Mrs. Halnam, Major-General de Soomer, the Belgian Military, Naval and Air Attaché in London, and Mme. de Soomer, Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell, Air/Cdre. I. V. Rowley, S/Ldr. and Mrs. T. C. Wood



MISS VALERIE SIMMONS, who is engaged to Mr. Robert Adams, son of Capt. F. A. Adams, T.D., and Mrs. Adams, of Blakedown, near Kidderminster, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. G. J. Simmons and of Mrs. Constance Simmons, of Penn, Wolverhampton

who had come down from Cranwell, G/Capt. Bowman, and the former C.O. of the Squadron, S/Ldr. "Twinkle" Storey, who is now at the Staff College at Bracknell, and Mrs. Storey.

I WENT down to Epsom for the second day of the Spring Meeting. The big race was the City and Suburban, which was won by the Maharanee of Baroda's Great Pacha, from the stables in Ireland of that very promising young trainer, Mr. J. Rogers, who is following in the footsteps of his father, Capt. Darby Rogers, who also trains at the Curragh. Various improvements have been made on this racecourse, and all is in readiness for the great number of people who always attend the Derby meeting, which this year is from June 5 to 8.

No one was more delighted on this particular afternoon than Lady Stavordale when her nice colt Mosterton won the Warren stakes in convincing style. Lord Stavordale was there to share her pleasure, also their son-in-law

and daughter Viscount and Viscountess Galway. Others racing included the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Rosebery, both stewards at the meeting, who were pointing out different horses in the paddock to some members of the Australian cricket team, the Countess of Derby, very neat in navy blue with touches of white, Sir Harold Wernher, whom I met on his way to the paddock, and the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, whose chestnut colt Line Shooter finished a good third behind Mr. C. R. Harper's flying two-year-old Ennis.

I also saw Major Herbert Holt, who is over here for several months with his wife, Sir Gordon and Lady Munro, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Mrs. Scott-Miller and her sister, Mrs. Eric Midwood, Mr. John Pares-Wilson and Sir Alfred Munnings, whose painting entitled "Does The Subject Matter?" which hangs in Gallery IV, is sure to be one of the outstanding pictures of this year's Summer Exhibition at Burlington House.

A FEW days earlier than the Spring Ball, Princess Marie-Louise was very disappointed that she could not, owing to doctor's orders, attend the piano recital at the Wigmore Hall by the brilliant young pianist Eric Heidsieck, son of M. and Mme. Charles Jean Heidsieck. However, two of her ladies-in-waiting, Mrs. Murray and Lady Blane, were present and came bearing the Princess's good wishes to the pianist and his parents who had come over from France for the occasion.

Eric Heidsieck's programme included Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C Minor, Liszt's Sonata in B Minor, Bach's Partita No. 2, in C Minor and works by Hindemith, Debussy and Honegger. The evening was a tremendous success and Eric Heidsieck was called upon to give three encores.

Among a brilliant audience were the Ambassadors of Brazil, Peru and Switzerland with their wives, Baroness Ravensdale, Mr. and Mrs. John Mosley, Lady Crosfield, and those fine musicians Mr. Albert Ferber, Mr. Ivor Newton and Mr. Joseph Cooper accompanied by Mrs. Cooper. Also Lady Baxter who brought a group of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner who gave a small party for

[Continued overleaf]



A. V. Swaabe

### Mrs. Kendall Butler's cocktail party for her daughter at the Ritz

Miss Gaynor Tregoning and Mr. D. Dickinson

Miss Sally Butler, for whom the party was given

Mr. John Hall and Miss Dawn Houghton



**"South Sea Bubble"** by Noël Coward at the Lyric Theatre had a gala preview in aid of the Central School of Speech and Drama Jubilee Fund, attended by the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. Below: The Duchess receives a bouquet from Miss Linda Thomas. With her is Viscountess Kilmuir, chairman of the committee which organized the preview



Sir Laurence Olivier, whose wife, Vivien Leigh, was the star of the play, and Viscountess Kilmuir



Mrs. A. W. Warren, Lady Baxter, wife of Sir Beverley Baxter, and Mrs. Edward Sutro, deputy chairman of the gala

Miss Meribah Baxter, Miss Cherry Huggins, Miss Margaret Hutt and Miss Ann-Davina Alderton, four of the programme sellers



Swanehe

Eric Heidsieck at their home after the recital, and Prince and Princess Yurka Galitzine who had entertained for him the previous evening jointly with Sir Lindores and Lady Leslie at the latter's home. At this party were several of those I have already mentioned, also Lord Abinger, Princess Vladimir Galitzine, Prince Nicholas Galitzine, Judge Sir Gerald Hargreaves, who is also a talented composer and painter, and Lady Hargreaves, Sir Bronson Albery, Chairman of the Old Vic Trust, and Lady Albery, Mrs. Harrison Broadley and Sir Hugh and Lady Sebright.

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THE Perth Hunt Spring Meeting brought together many families in Scotland. Fields were small but the racing was quite amusing. There were only two runners for the Perth Hunt Balnakeilly Challenge Cup and both fell! But they were remounted and finished the course, Mr. W. Stephenson's Mr. Gay beating Mr. J. Scott-Aiton's The Callant by a distance. The biggest field was in the Crieff Novices Chase, won by Lord Joicey's Joking Biddy.

Watching the racing were the Countess of Mansfield (in a grey coat and mink stole) and her younger daughter Lady Mariota Murray, the Marchioness of Lansdowne with her son the Earl of Shelburne and elder daughter Lady

Caroline Fitzmaurice, and Lord and Lady Forteviot, the latter very neat in pink tweed with Persian lamb collar, with their daughters the Hon. Caroline and the Hon. Penelope Dewar, and Lord Carnegie. Sir Torquil and Lady Munro were there with Miss Fiona Munro and Mr. Jamie Munro, Lady Munro wearing a brown tweed coat and skirt and sable tie. The Countess of Errol was escorted by her husband, Mr. Iain Moncrieffe. Other racegoers included Major and Mrs. David Butter, Miss Frances Sweeny, Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Stourton, the Earl and Countess of Lindsay and Capt. and Mrs. Ivan Straker; she was looking very pretty and neat in a black jacket with velvet revers and a tartan skirt.

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT and Princess Alexandra sat in a box at the preview of Noël Coward's new comedy *South Sea Bubble* at the Lyric Theatre, given in aid of the Central School of Speech and Drama's Golden Jubilee Fund. Vivien Leigh plays the lead with great talent and charm and in the cast with her are such fine artists as Ronald Lewis, Ian Hunter, Alan Webb, Joyce Carey and Arthur Macrae. It is beautifully acted and gave us all a most enjoyable evening.

Besides the Duchess and her daughter, others in the audience that evening included Viscountess Kilmuir, chairman of the preview, and Viscount Kilmuir, Mrs. Edward Sutro, the deputy chairman, Countess Jellicoe, Earl and Countess Jowitt accompanying Lady Marks, who brought a big party, Lord and Lady Chesham who came with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby, Sir Adrian Jarvis, and Lady Pulbrook who, since she moved into her Onslow Square house, has become very busy doing flower décor for weddings and all kinds of parties—work at which she excels. The Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry with Mr. Bobbie and the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Lord and Lady Pender, Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Miss Flora Lion, Lord and Lady Grantchester and Lady (Beverley) Baxter were others I saw in the audience. Miss Meribah Baxter was among the bevy of pretty programme sellers who also included Miss Valerie Maxwell, Miss Mary Terry, Miss Caroline Barford, Miss Ann-Davina Alderton and Miss Cherry Huggins.

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MISS ANTONIA STANLEY CLARK, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Frank Stanley Clark and Mrs. William Winch, chose a very attractive white wedding dress with a crossover top and accordion pleated skirt for her marriage

to G/Capt. Michael Birkin, son of the late Major H. L. Birkin and Mrs. Birkin. The ceremony took place at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, which was beautifully decorated with vases of spring flowers.

After the service the bride's mother, who wore a large off the face straw hat with her gold and brown shot faille dress, gave a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel where she received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Harry Birkin, who was in blue with a little flowered hat.

Relations and friends who came to wish the young couple happiness were the bride's aunt, Lady Gunston, and Sir Derrick Gunston, her uncle Col. Ferris St. George, who proposed their health, and Mrs. St. George. Also the bridegroom's cousins, Viscountess Lambton, the Marquise de Casa Maury, with the Marquis de Casa Maury and her granddaughter, and Mrs. Mark Agnew and Mr. Mark Agnew. I also saw Earl Amherst of Hackney, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Pope talking to Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley. Both Col. Pope and Col. Dunkerley were at the wedding of the bride's parents and are her two godfathers. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely brought their daughter Zandra and I met Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Millais, Dr. Winch, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Emanuel, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury-Bateman.



Van Hallan

**The Red Hat Ball** at Grosvenor House, in aid of Christ Church (Oxford) United Clubs, was attended by Princess Margaret. At this successful event were (above) Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. William Birch-Reynardson, chairman of the ball committee, Miss Susannah Gardner and Mr. William Birch-Reynardson, who helps to run the Clubs

★ ★ ★  
AFTER seeing the Débutante Dress Show held recently at the Berkeley Hotel, I now see no reason for mothers to get unduly worried over where to get their daughters' clothes. The show was held in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Twelve of this year's débutantes displayed afternoon and evening dresses which had been specially designed for them by the great Paris designer Monsieur Jacques Heim. Prices were extremely reasonable for such very nice clothes. Suits around twenty guineas, day dresses from fourteen to twenty-two guineas, and a good choice of evening dresses, both long and short varying from fifteen to thirty-five guineas. These can all be bought in London from the Jacques Heim "Jeunes Filles" department at Harrods. Here the very efficient Miss Woods who supervised dressing the débutantes at the show can find something to suit any deb or young girl.

Countess Cadogan was once again the very able chairman of the parade, which was given on two consecutive days. Her sister, the Duchess of Bedford, was president, and the Countess of Darnley was vice-chairman. Viscount Chelsea came to watch the parade with his mother, Countess Cadogan, and I met them with the Countess of Darnley before the show; they were talking to Monsieur Jacques Heim, Mr. Rodney Leathes and Mrs. Newton Sharp. Among the young girls modelling the clothes were Miss Jane Allday, whose resemblance to Miss Frances Sweeny, a last year's débutante (who, incidentally, was in the audience), was remarked on by several spectators. Also Miss June Ducas, petite and pretty, Miss Patricia Barker and Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, who showed quite a lot of models including a charming cherry-red wool dress as well as the beautiful wedding dress which was the final item of a very good show.

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GUIDE dogs who are trained to guide the blind are invaluable to those so sadly afflicted. But there are of course not nearly enough trained to do this work. Their training takes time and money, and the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association annually tries to collect as much money as possible for this most worthy cause. There is to be a ball at

[Continued overleaf]



Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker consulting their programme

Miss Tessa Milne partnered by Mr. Alastair Robinson

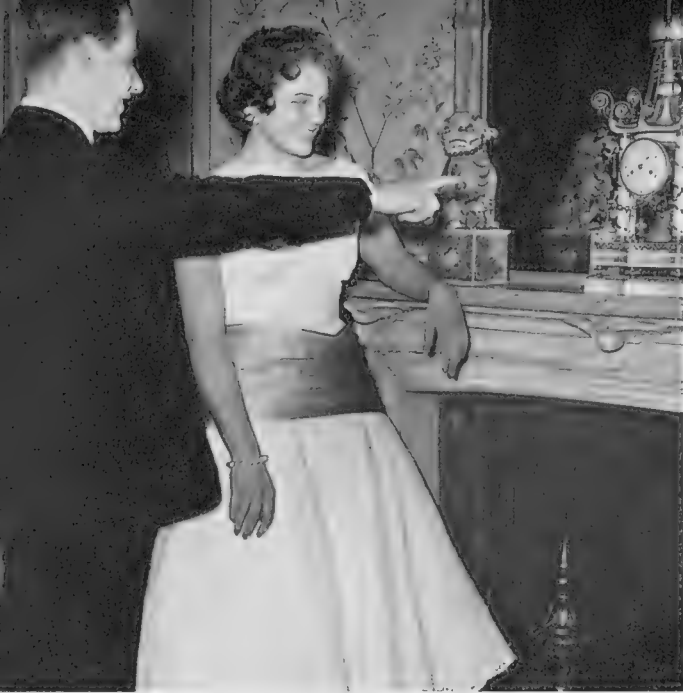


Miss Elisabeth Durlacher waltzing with Mr. Graham Turner Laing

Miss Tessa Kaye, Mr. Alastair Leslie and the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain







Mr. Desmond Fennell with  
Miss Caroline Vachell



Mr. David Wigan and Mrs.  
Wigan

## BALL WITH A REGENCY AIR

A BALL was held in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton to help the funds of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Tickets were sent out at the invitation of the Duke of Norfolk

Photographs by  
A. V. Swache



Mr. John Cavanagh and Mrs. J. Balcon

Mr. D. Winsloe and Miss Priscilla Stewart-Smith



Mr. David Wilkinson and Mrs.  
Wilkinson



the May Fair Hotel in aid of the Association on May 30, of which H.H. Princess Marie-Louise is the president, Contessa di Sant Elia vice-president and the Countess of Selkirk chairman. If you cannot go to the ball do send a donation, no matter how small, but the bigger the better, to help train more dogs. Tickets can be obtained from, or donations sent to, the Countess of Selkirk, Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, 81 Piccadilly, W.1.

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MRS. PETO BENNETT acted as joint hostess with her granddaughter, Miss Anne Peto Bennett, one of this season's débutantes, at a delightful fork luncheon party at Claridge's. Anne's mother, who like her grandmother, is a Norwegian by birth, was away skiing in Norway with her two younger daughters, for their school holidays. Her father, Mr. C. Peto Bennett, is a great helmsman and Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. His elder brother is lending his charming Chelsea Square house for Anne's coming-out dance which is due to take place later in the year.

This was a luncheon party for girls coming out this year and nearly a hundred of them having made their choice of the Scandinavian "Koldt-Bord" sat down at the small tables. Besides a wonderful variety of cold dishes there were also numerous hot delicacies followed by fruit salad. Anne, who looked charming in a navy blue dress with touches of white and a little hat to match, was a splendid hostess looking after her friends individually as they arrived, and then going round from table to table making sure they had all they wanted. (I was very shocked to see quite a number of the girls present wearing no hats; some came without gloves, too. Surely, at their age, they should know that one does not arrive for lunch at Claridge's, or any other similar place in the West End, without wearing a hat and gloves.)

Among the young girls I met Miss Caroline Butler, who was very neat and well turned out. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Butler, who commands a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and Lady Butler, who live in Thurloe Square, and she is having her coming-out dance on June 28. Miss Caroline Dalgety, a very pretty girl, was there wearing a green and white hat, and I also saw Mlle. Anne de Steensen-Leth, Miss Gay Tregoning (looking nice in brown and hurrying off to a wedding), Miss Jennifer Stratton, the Hon. Susan Kennant and Miss Gillian Adams. The latter was among the many young guests who, later in the day, enjoyed a delightful cocktail party which was given by Mrs. Leslie Cohen for her stepdaughter, Miss Penelope Cohen, another of this year's débutantes, at Stanhope Gate.

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THE England Ball to raise funds for the Council for the Preservation of Rural England is to take place next Tuesday, May 15, at Grosvenor House. The work done by the Council becomes more important every year as the countryside shrinks before our spreading towns and cities. It is a cause which should be close to the heart of all who care for our rural amenities, and this Ball is an ideal occasion on which to show real appreciation of the Council's endeavours. Mrs. Langley-Taylor is once again the chairman, with the Countess of Halifax and Viscountess Galway vice-presidents. This year the junior committee include Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Lady Jane Wallop and the Hon. Camilla Gage. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Langley-Taylor, 38 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. Telephone, Kensington 6168.



**Swansea—Caccia-Birch.** The marriage took place recently of Lord Swansea, of Caer Beris, Builth Wells, Breconshire, and Miss Miriam Antoinette Caccia-Birch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. F. Caccia-Birch, Guernsey Lodge, Marton, New Zealand, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, London



**Walker—Bardsley.** Mr. Ian Royaards Walker, elder son of Mr. Alex Walker, of Tocknells House, Painswick, and the late Mrs. Louise Walker, was married to Miss Margaret Elizabeth Bardsley, daughter of the late Mr. R. V. Bardsley, and of Mrs. Bardsley, of Eaton Mansions, S.W.1, at St. James's, Piccadilly

## THEY WERE MARRIED



Basil Shackleton

**Sutro—Corry.** The wedding took place of Capt. Jon Sutro, M.C., 4th Queen's Own Hussars, son of Mrs. M. Sutro, Blue Lane House, Limpsfield, Surrey, and Mr. E. L. Sutro, of Stocketts Manor, Oxted, and Miss Jane Wardlow Corry, only daughter of Mrs. W. C. S. Corry, of Lennox Gardens, Knightsbridge, at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street



Swaebe

**Lambert—Walford.** Capt. Peter Lambert, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of the late Mr. T. Lambert, and of Mrs. J. N. Colville, of Bryn Lhwyd, Brynsiencyn, Anglesey, was recently married to Miss Davinia Walford, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. E. Walford, of Little Struan, Pangbourne, Berkshire, at St. James the Less, Pangbourne



**Micklem—Milburn.** Mr. David Robert Micklem, only son of the late Cdr. Sir Robert Micklem, R.N. (Rtd.), and Lady Micklem, of Eastbury Court, W.14, married Miss Sarah Caroline Georgiana Milburn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Milburn, of Fowberry Tower, Chatton, Northumberland, at St. Mary and St. Lawrence's Church, Great Waltham





Colourful costumes make a gay picture of this scene (left) from a production of Rossini's opera, *The Italian in Algiers*, performed at last year's Holland Festival, by artists from The Scala, Milan. Below: Augsburg, the birthplace of Mozart's father, where there is to be a Festival in honour of the composer this summer

RICHARD GRAHAM  
writes of the massed  
delights awaiting the  
musically-minded in  
the summer—all this  
and a holiday too!

## THE PILGRIM'S WAY IN FESTIVAL EUROPE



A DISPIRITING aspect of midsummer Europe is its shuttered theatres and opera-houses. The heated cities can at best offer us the wilted left-overs of farce and revue, while the average resort aspires to no artistic endeavour higher than the cabaret act and the music-hall turn. There are, however, many festival centres all over the Continent where music, drama and ballet may be seen under the most ideal of conditions, and for those who feel the need for more than the conventional excess of sunshine and sightseeing, this kind of holiday provides just the mental stimulus that is the perfect counterbalance to physical relaxation.

That 1956 is the 200th anniversary of Mozart's birth means that a great deal of emphasis will be laid on the works of this most popular of classical composers. It is appropriate that what, qualitatively, is probably the best of the European festivals, should be held at his birthplace of Salzburg in Austria. The riverside city, ringed by distant Alpine peaks and blending within its walls characteristic Austrian baroque and the severer styles of classicism, is a most attractive place in which to stay and ensures the visitor plenty of interest outside the actual programme of events, which takes place this year from July 20 to August 30.

HERE the repertoire of Mozart's operas—actually the same six that are being performed at Glyndebourne this summer—comprises *Così fan Tutte*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Seraglio*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Idomeneo*, and *The Magic Flute*. Invariably they are superbly staged and performed—usually not more than four or five times in each week. For the rest of the time there are daily concerts of Mozart's music, given by noted chamber ensembles and by soloists who include Casadesus, Geza Anda and Claudio Arrau, as well as a series of orchestral concerts given by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

At the end of August there is to be a short visit by the New York City Ballet—three performances only—while throughout the festival the theatre is represented by the wonderful Max Reinhardt production of the great morality play *Everyman*—an immediately intelligible spectacle which calls for no knowledge of German for understanding and enjoyment—and by Goethe's *Egmont*.

Another annual Mozart festival which is little known in this country is that held in the attractive old university town of Wuerzburg in Bavaria. This takes place in June, from the 9th to the 23rd, and consists of a series of orchestral concerts of Mozart's works. There is, too, to be a Mozart festival during July and August at Augsburg in Bavaria, an ancient city which has links with the composer's family, while also in

Bavaria is the long-established Munich Opera Festival, from August 10 to September 9.

Of course the Wagner fan is more likely to be interested in the season at Bayreuth, which takes place at the same time of year, from July 24 to August 25. Here the presentation of opera has attained a technical perfection of method achieved nowhere else in the world, and to attend a performance in this superbly equipped opera-house is as much a theatrical experience as a musical one. However, for the non- or anti-Wagnerian it is all very Teutonic and rather solemn and it would perhaps be a relief to cross the Rhine again into France. Before doing so, however, there is one last important German festival that deserves a mention, and that takes place throughout May in the spa town of Wiesbaden. This is rather more of an international occasion than those I have so far described, and the companies taking part this year include the Viennese State Opera and its counterparts in Stockholm, Belgrade and Rome, with the ballet from the Berlin opera and the famous Kurfürstendamm theatre company from Berlin.

THERE are a considerable number of festivals all over France, most of them in places that the average English visitor does not stay in except perhaps *en passant*. On the road to the Mediterranean is the agreeable town of Aix-en-Provence, which has an important musical festival lasting from July 7 to August 2, with a well-balanced programme of opera, while at Aix-les-Bains, in the Haute Savoie, on the Alpine route to the Riviera, there is a festival of ballet now in its third year. This takes place from July 21 to August 5 and among the companies taking part are those from the Paris and Vienna operas, the well-known French company of Janine Charrat, a Yugoslav company, and the all-Negro Ballets Africains, which was seen in London this spring.

In the little town of Prades, high in the Pyrenees, there takes place from July 5 to 18 what is essentially a musician's festival of music. This has been held since 1950 under the aegis of the great Catalan cellist-virtuoso, Pau Casals, who lives there in self-imposed exile not only from his native Spain but from the wider world of music. Once a year, however, the Mahomets of the profession come to the mountains to hear and play under the master, and in the intimacy of village surroundings one can see and hear some of the greatest living executants. Among those who are playing this year are Menuhin, Szigeti, Casadesu, Clifford Curzon, and of course the eighty-year-old Casals himself.

The charm of many of these occasions lies largely in the unusual surroundings, and there can surely be no more wonderful setting than the enchanted courts of the Alhambra at Granada, where a festival of music and ballet takes place from June 20 to July 2. The events are divided between the circular colonnaded courtyard of the Renaissance palace of Charles V, an intellectually perfect example of classical proportion, and the strangely sensual interiors of the Moorish building, where the unceasing murmur of cold fountains conveys its image of Arabian nirvana.

NOTHING could be more exciting than to hear that incomparable Niguitarist Segovia play in the famous Patio de los Leones or see Antonio dance in this exotic otherworld. The wider European tradition is represented too, and the Sadler's Wells Company are to give two performances in the gardens of the Generalife, while there are recitals by Gieseking, Menuhin, Kentner, and others, with a series of concerts by the excellent Spanish National Orchestra.

This is the only full-scale festival that takes place in Spain, and I must return to France to make short mention of some others there. A festival of music at Menton lasts from August 1 to 15, and while one may hardly wish to spend this period in this crowded and rather anglicized resort, the event does provide a sort of cultural haven amid the frank philistinism of the rest of the Côte d'Azur, and if one were staying down there anywhere it might be worth braving the murderous traffic of the roads to go over for the odd concert. Again, *en route* to or from the Mediterranean, one can stop over at Avignon, where during July there is a dramatic festival held in the superb open-air theatre with performances given by Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire, which was seen during April in London. There is also another short theatre festival at the end of July in the spa-resort of Evian, which lies on the shores of Lac Léman opposite Lausanne and not far from Geneva and Aix-les-Bains.

ONE occasion of major importance is the Holland Festival, from June 15 to July 15, the events being divided between Amsterdam, Scheveningen and The Hague. This year is also the 350th anniversary of Rembrandt's birth, and the exhibitions being arranged in commemoration are a strong additional attraction in the programme. This includes a good deal of music and the five orchestras include the famous Concertgebouw and the Czech Philharmony from Prague. Operas—performed in their original languages, not in Dutch—include Verdi's *Falstaff*, Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Britten's *Peter Grimes*.

And, of course, nearest of all is our own Edinburgh Festival, which perhaps remains the most international and best balanced of all the European programmes. I have no room to list the events for this year—from August 19 to September 8 by the way—but you can easily enough obtain the information by writing to the Festival Office in Edinburgh. Details of the other festivals I have mentioned can be got by writing or applying in person to the London information offices of the countries concerned.



A dramatic moment in the morality play *Everyman*, open-air performances of which are a feature of the Salzburg Festival in Austria. The anguished *Everyman* here is played by Attila Hörbiger

Bayreuth. A picture taken from the auditorium showing a scene during a performance of Puccini's *Turandot*. The ingenious and attractive settings contrast sharply with the often conventional and old-fashioned presentations of opera at this Wagner shrine in Franconia





## Heythrop meeting

THE Heythrop Hunt's Point-to-Point took place near Stow-on-the-Wold. Victoria and Jane Cameron (below) with their father's horse ridden by Mr. P. Browne



Mrs. D. Mackinnon, Major B. L. Lorraine-Smith and Mr. L. A. Coville

Miss S. Fletcher, Mrs. A. Fletcher, Mrs. G. Holland



Miss K. Prior-Palmer, Miss A. Smith-Maxwell and Mrs. R. Millais

Mrs. L. A. Coville and Mrs. R. B. Stokes



P. . . Palmer

### At the Races

## IN DEFENCE OF THE TIPSTER

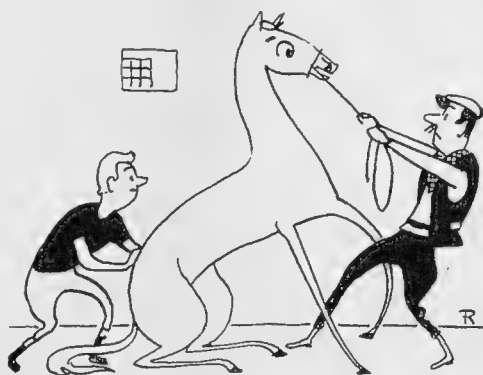
IF we were all lovers of wisdom we would treat winners and losers just the same, and no more about it, and no back answers; but as we have yet to find the fabled Philosopher's Stone, we continue to cuss our losses and grouse because we have only had a fiver, instead of a tenner, on that thing that won running away at Kempton, Newmarket, Newbury, Plumpton and what-not last Saturday. Of course this is all quite wrong and we ought not to allow anything, or anybody, to disturb our composure.

That is excellent in theory but the practice is usually very much otherwise and anyone who has the pluck to lay bare his innermost feelings knows what a difference there is between walking a winner back to the unsaddling enclosure, and walking back yourself with a wing up, a broken nose, and possibly, a few loosened teeth. It is naturally very duck-hearted of us to let little things like these get our tails down; but it is a very imperfect world, and it is to be feared that we shall go on behaving like this until there is no more world left.

THESE reflections are prompted by a letter from Mr. N. B. G. Rouser, who says that all tipsters are liars, and should be liquidated by the most painful means known to modern science! I see my unknown friend's point of view, but, if that is his outlook upon life, he certainly ought not to go on "playing the ponies," as I think they call it on the other side of the Atlantic.

After all is said and done, tipsters are only mortal men like you and me, and they never have pretended to be magicians! Anyone is entitled to say "I think," even if it be not admissible as evidence. No one is compelled to believe him, or even to tell him that he has no legal right to think or even possess an opinion! Even those wary birds learned Counsel know, and no one better, that they have the right to express, and charge for, an "opinion." That is what hordes of them do and have done ever since the days of the erudite Odger onwards!

WHAT a dull world it would be if we all thought the same! No wars, no laws, no learned judges, no Q.C.s or even stuff gowns-men, and even no solicitors! There might even be no racing, because all the horses would be one class and every race would be bound to



### Sabretache

end up a multiple dead heat, with possibly, no one winning or losing anything.

As a last resort we should be playing that rather boring game beneath some bough, with a book of verse, a flask of wine and "Thou" who was the dead spit and image of all the other "Thous." Thus we should probably chuck the loaf of bread away and even the flask of wine, because we should say that it was corked, ullaged or otherwise not right.

SO much about this horseback-riding business is so risky, that no one who is at all inclined to be over bold, can be too careful or watch his step too closely. Take for instance that hero, who never says "No," and who will get up on anything for anyone anywhere; a ready-made V.C. admittedly, but very fool-hardy, and so often the victim of the untruthful, who will tell him almost anything whether by the enunciation of the false, or the suppression of the true—the two most popular forms of lying known to the law, and both equally reprehensible.

They (the liars) will say for instance: "Now don't you believe all that those duck-hearted So and So's have said about this 'orse. They are all afraid of 'im that's what it is; but you just ride him bold; go off in front and stay there and you're already home and dry," and then if Lion Heart wakes up in the racecourse casualty clearing station they (the liars again) will say: "So sorry old boy! Never knew him to fall before; must have got unbalanced, or bumped or something, but next time you ride him you will find out what a real fizzer he is."

It is Lion Heart's own fault, of course, for not insisting upon knowing why they put a "long cheek" on him instead of the customary snaffle. The wicked men hoped that he might get round and collect the place money, and went out looking for someone who did not know them or their confounded animal—which incidentally, was fast enough to catch pigeons, but the rockiest jumper in the world.



*C. McDonald and J. Rutherford opened  
the Australian batting*

## AUSTRALIANS AT ARUNDEL

THE Duke of Norfolk's XI played the Australian team, to help the Playing Fields Association and the Sussex C.C. Club in a game which the Australians won with three wickets in hand. Above: the match in progress



*I. W. Johnson, the Australian captain,  
meets the Duke of Norfolk*

*Lady Monteagle, Capt. Bingham Hartley  
and Mrs. Pat Wills*

*Ladies Jane and Mary Fitzalan-Howard,  
Miss J. Gatey and Mrs. J. Campbell-Davys*

*Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Darlot were  
watching the game*







"DOES THE SUBJECT MATTER?" is the title of Sir Alfred Munnings's brilliant satirical study on view at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The picture's meaning is put into verse by the painter himself as follows: "And why not purchase for the State? The State, alas, has come too late. Because the subject's so profound, 'Twas sold for twenty thousand pound!" Among the figures in the picture are, it is understood, those of Sir John Rothenstein, of the Tate Gallery, Miss Patricia Potter, who holds a position at one of the leading London stores, Mr. Humphrey Brooke, Secretary of the Royal Academy, Professor Mavrogordato and Professor Thomas Bodkin

## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

SO yet another of the London music-halls has closed—the Camberwell Palace—that once provided audiences, applause, and not only a living but immortality for Marie Lloyd and Vesta Tilley, Little Tich and Dan Leno. To say nothing of doing for Sickert what the Moulin Rouge did for Toulouse-Lautrec.

I attended the obsequies of another such only last year: the Granville at Walham Green—now, I think, a television theatre. In the bar there, that last night, I drank with an old, old man who had been going to the music-hall—this one or another—every week for half a century. I think he had hardly noticed that red-nosed comedians and jugglers and soft-shoe dancers and coons had long yielded place to crooners clutching at the microphone, and depressed and grubby nudes.

Indeed, it was odd that he didn't seem to mind the Granville's nudes, for when I asked him—after he had mentioned every great name of the past I had ever heard of,

save one—I asked, "But what about Marie Lloyd? Surely you saw Marie Lloyd?" he answered that *there* was a player he would never go to see, for hadn't he once seen Marie Lloyd at a race-meeting? Not having sisters, he said, he liked to put ladies on a pedestal, and the races weren't for ladies: "I don't," he said, "like loud ladies."

Now I come to think of it, one of the nudes that night *was* on a pedestal. But not, I think, the kind he meant.

FROM where I write I can see Collins's Music-hall—or I could (as the old song has it) "if it wasn't for the houses in between." Though there is only one row of houses. There, now, is a music-hall that Sickert painted, and that still survives. (There's a block of council flats round our way named after Sickert, to show you if I lie.) There are playbills in the bar that go back to the eighteen-sixties, and for a trifling four shillings I can sit in a stage

box on a Saturday night, near enough to drop my orange pips on to the boards once trodden by Belle Elmore, that Doctor Crippen swung for.

★ ★ ★

STAYING, recently, at the North Country home of friends with young children, I heard the mother reciting:

*I had a little nut tree,  
Nothing would it bear  
But a silver apple  
And a golden pear. . . .*

I exclaimed my surprise at hearing "apple" where I had expected "nutmeg," but my friend replied that this was the way she had learned it herself as a child in Derbyshire; that "apple" went with "pear," just as "silver" and "golden" march together in our minds: and that it made for a better scansion than "nutmeg," anyway.

The last two arguments I found

convincing, and the first was, in any case, unanswerable (though I am from the North myself, as the other nursery rhyme sings:

*Little lad, little lad,  
Where were you born?  
Far off in Lancashire,  
Under a thorn. . .*

and I had never before heard anything but "nutmeg"). Yet reference to those two classic compilations of the Opies, *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, and *The Nursery Rhyme Book*, produced no mention of an apple. Though there is a footnote in the *Dictionary* with a curious variant:

*I had a silver nettle-tree,  
Nothing could it ever be,  
But a silver nettle. . .*

Is "apple" a corruption of "nettle," I wonder?

★ ★ ★

DON'T let people tell you, as people will, that rapacious London dealers and rich, acquisitive American collectors have between them swept the country bare of desirable antiques. Only the other day, in the course of what a friend of mine refers to as "junking," and Americans call "antiquing," my wife and I found in a village shop—and at prices which I hope provided a reasonable profit for the country dealer, but that were much less than Kensington or St. James's would have asked—a pair of eighteenth-century red-and-gold lacquer coasters, in beautiful condition; a pair of goodish decanters, late—about 1840, I should say—but still in the Georgian tradition; and a pair of silver wine-labels with the datemark 1836—just not Victorian, in fact.

No doubt the very finest and rarest pieces find their way to London, and thence to the salerooms, to the most elegant West End shops, to museums, or to collectors abroad. But sound, modest pieces, such as those I mention, that may well have been used till yesterday in the small country house they were first bought for a century and more ago, are still to be had, and often at a fair price.

IN the course of the same expedition we bought a piece of what I take to be late seventeenth-century carving—a wooden panel, eighteen inches or so square, that I can imagine to have been once in a Dutch or Flemish country church. In deep relief, crudely carved, a robed man lies dead, and above him—beneath a lumpy canopy made up partly of tree and partly of clouds—stand, reading from right to left, a bearded and turbaned figure, with one hand raised in what might be surprise, or denial, or horror, or a blessing; a dopey-looking donkey with big ears, full face; and a fiercely leaping lion, all teeth and whiskers.

My wife couldn't resist the donkey's ears and the lion's teeth; and the question, once we had got our treasure home, was what did it all represent?

That it represented a story from the Scriptures was beyond dispute—but what story? Not that of the Good Samaritan: the bearded man with the upraised arm might well have been the Levite, passing by on the other side, but why the lion?



MR. HENRY RUSHBURY, C.V.O., R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy, is largely responsible for the success of the annual Summer Exhibition. This administrative skill goes with great charm of personality—he is one of the most widely popular figures in the art world today—and renowned as an architectural draughtsman, etcher and water colourist. His work is to be seen in many famous galleries in Britain and abroad. He is married, with two daughters, and has a country home in Oxfordshire

The same objection applied to the story of Balaam and his ass; nor, clearly, was this one of the lions of Daniel's den. At last we tracked it down, by plotting in Cruden's *Concordance* intersecting references to a lion and to an ass: it depicted the unhappy fate, recounted in the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings, of how (as the marginal note puts it) "The disobedient prophet is slain by a lion."

And what an odd, unedifying story it is! For it tells how a man of God out of Judah was sent to warn Jeroboam against his idolatries, and was himself bidden not to eat, nor to drink, nor turn again to go by the way he came. And how he adhered religiously to the bidding, refusing the

invitation of the king himself, until an old prophet lied to him, saying that an angel of the Lord had bidden him refresh the man of God out of Judah. And the man of God turned aside, and ate.

Upon which a lion met the unwittingly disobedient man of God and slew him, and his body lay in the way, with the ass he had ridden and the lion that had slain him, both standing by it, and passers-by marvelled that the lion should stand there, neither harming the ass nor mauling the body of the man he had killed.

Who comes well out of such a story—save, perhaps the lion? Not, certainly, the vengeful Lord of the Old Testament. But, although it puzzles me, it moved some simple Flemish carver of three hundred years ago, and his work is propped up in front of my typewriter now, to prove it.

★ ★ ★

THERE is a curiously tunnel-like place under the south end of Waterloo Bridge, the way to which is confusingly signposted and bewilderingly round-abouted, where a modest aquarium, very empty on a Saturday afternoon, echoes nevertheless with the shrill cries of children, exclaiming fearfully at the alarming gestures of the octopus, or marvelling (as I do, still) at the improbable aspect of the scorpion-fish: all stripes, fins, tails, veils, spines, spikes, eyebrows and antennae.

Here is a tank labelled "Belgian-Flag Fish" and, sure enough, along each thumb-nail sized morsel is a gleaming tricolour band of red, gold and black. If only they could be trained to whistle the Brabançonne! Here is the blue-eyed rice fish, so flirtatious that it ought to be called the Merry Widow; and here is the bolster-shaped catfish, hideously plain, with its spines and wicked eyes; you can see why it mustn't be sold, deceptively cut up, as halibut—who would wish to eat such unattractive malevolence?

WOULD, though, that there were some aquarium that housed the rum beasts of my favourite fishy book, the two volumes on *British Fish* that were added to the Naturalist's Library in 1843. For here are to be found—and some of them drawn in colour—the Whiff (a fish I have come across on fishmongers' slabs, and on boarding-house tables); the unfilial Father-lasher and (tell me who this reminds you of!) the Unctuous Sucker.

There are acquaintances that spring to mind when I turn to the illustration of the Glutinous Hag, and my wife recalls maternal warnings against the Smooth Hound.

My only quarrel with the book (and with the researches conducted by, among others, Mr. Goodsir, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and Mr. Couch, the well-known ichthyologist of Polperro,) lies in its treatment of a family that never, as far as I know, did the Goodsirs or the Couches any harm. The references to the Sharp-Nosed Ray and the Small-Eyed Ray I must accept: my passport photograph would tell you why. What I wince over, a little, is Spotted Ray.

#### SEASONAL SORTIE

The stately homes of England ride  
High on the summer tourist tide  
And on that flood should surely be  
Borne swiftly into solvency.

For each half-crown the trippers get  
A generous slice of coronet  
And feel relieved that their largesse  
Alleviates financial stress,  
Since none but quite the basest churls  
Want tighter belts for belted earls.

—Jean Stanger





F. J. Goodman

THE MARQUISE DE NAZELLE is the wife of the Marquis Herard de Nazelle and the daughter of the late Count and of the Countess de Marcieu, who owns the beautiful Castle of Chambonas. She and her husband have a country house near Rheims and an apartment in Paris

### *Priscilla in Paris*

## A SALON UNDER ATTACK

THE Sixty-seventh Salon des Independants at the Grand Palais has assembled 3,776 exhibits this year. A most melancholy display. I find it extremely depressing to think that, even if certain artists have sent in more than one of their efforts, there must remain many hundreds of studios scattered over the country where nice clean paint, honest canvas, good clay and stone are wasted in vast quantities. So regrettable at a time when half the houses in Paris are badly in need of a lick of paint, when tents want patching for the camping season and the walls of the few remaining big estates ought to be repaired!

I do not remember being so bitter over last year's Independants, but then we were given a retrospective display of Matisse, Luce, Marquet, Pissaro and Signac. This spring—if we may call this spring!—I must have been in a jaundiced mood.

HOWEVER, I recovered sufficiently to enjoy some happy moments with Fougita's "Tramps" and Mme. Andrée Bizet's moving studies of two white draught horses resting against each other ("Animal Fraternity") and a group of blinded musicians ("Human Fraternity") who were as one in their common love of music. I also enjoyed young Minne

Coutant's *vitrine* of delightful ceramics that range from charming and decorative little medallions to amusing groups of tiny, colourful figurines.

At the Grand Opera House we had quite a night for the old timers who had been lustily complaining. New costumes and new décors inaugurated the 2,222nd performance of *Faust*. Since 1908 the same scenery and costumes have served.

They have become, to say the least, a little dusty, dim and threadbare. George Wakhevitch is responsible for the new ones and, since at all times he is lavish, we were not dis-



appointed with his setting for Dr. Faust's laboratory conceived in the manner of a Pieter Brueghel interior. Nothing, of course, can be done about the appearance of the chorus in grand opera. Assembled *en masse* fine voices rarely seem to inhabit fine bodies. The "Soldiers' Chorus" might be heard "off" (and not seen) even in its new, full-dress Wakhevitchian attire. Mephistopheles consoles us in voice and presence. He is gorgeous in yellow tights, red top-boots and (innovation) *no horns*, while Faust, who in olden and more economical days was only allowed one suit for his rejuvenated career, now has two, so that poor foolish Marguerite—in lavender blue and red—has less chance than ever of withstanding his wiles.

Mme. Hélène Jourdan-Morhange, the violinist, to whom Maurice Ravel dedicated many of his compositions for the violin, has written a charming—"friendly" might be a better word—book of souvenirs entitled *Mes Amis Musiciens*. It is not a commentary or an appreciation from a musical point of view only but an amusing and interesting collection of stories and anecdotes of famous composers in their hours of relaxation. She writes of her friendship with the late Arthur Honegger, of Koechlin, of Sauget, Messager, Darius Milhaud and many others.

FOR weeks the children of Paris have been on tenterhooks of expectation, and wide-eyed with admiration before the hoardings covered with brilliant posters advertising a forthcoming "Rodeo" at the Palais des Sports. In a country where the exploits of Buffalo Bill are still dreamed of, excitement ran high. There are illustrated magazines that specialize in Wild West stories over here and there are few French children who do not possess the cowboy's outfit that comprises leather—well, paper-leather—"chaps," a curly brimmed sombrero and a bead-worked belt and holster for the "six-shooter" that is the most thrilling item.

At the first performance all the *beau-monde* under twelve was present. Yes! Paris has an indulgent and foolish way of allowing its youngsters to stay up long after their normal bedtime! Young Veber brought his equally young grandpapa Serge; the little Dannes escorted their pretty mama proudly to a track-side box; Toto Barreyre held Tototte Barreyre's hand reassuringly when the beeves thundered from the corral and red-headed Didier Ters tremulously remembered that he must live up to his British Nannie's conviction: "ginger for pluck," when an ill-regulated microphone brought Big Chief Blue Feather's war cry too terribly close to be really pleasant!

BUT alas that the truth must be told. The real thing is never quite so glorious as the make believe. The great open spaces, mountain-bounded in the far distance, the too blue sky, the war paint of the Red Indians, all so brilliant on the hoardings, are singularly reduced in size and colouring under the iron girders of the Palais des Sports. Perhaps the greatest thrill however came during the interval and Young France was allowed to mob the hot dog stalls.

You may well turn pale at the thought, O Nannies of Great Britain. Hot dogs, with plenty of mustard, at ten o'clock at night. And yet, when I anxiously rang up to inquire next day, no ill effects had been recorded!

### *Au clair des lunettes*

● If your eyesight is failing: eat plenty of carrots.

Why?

Have you ever seen a rabbit wearing spectacles?



Lenore

## A FRENCH-BORN DÉBUTANTE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN

MISS HELENE DE MIRAMON is the eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon. One of this season's most lovely débutantes, she is eighteen and was presented in March by H.E. the French Ambassador. Educated partly in France and partly in England, her greatest interest is in languages at which she is extremely gifted, speaking French, English and Spanish perfectly





The drawing-room, showing silver (1601), and the fineometri



A horse of the Tang Dynasty (600-900), part of Sir Francis's collection

## A PREVIEW OF AVEBURY MANOR

AVEBURY MANOR, near the prehistoric stone circle of Avebury in Wiltshire, has just been bought by Sir Francis Knowles, Bt. He intends to open it to the public on six days of the week, to raise funds to keep it in its present perfect condition. Sir Francis, the sixth baronet, has a family of four, a son and three daughters, and Lady Knowles has a daughter Angela by her previous marriage. Sir Francis and Lady Knowles (above) are with Miss Angela Hulse, Emma, Averina and Charles, in front of the Dove House. Left, the Mervyn Porch added by Sir James Mervyn, who once owned the Manor and (right) a view of this beautiful old house





*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
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*A bedroom with a four-poster bed, covered with rich crimson brocade, once used by Staynor Holford, a former owner of the Manor*

*silvered Italian table of contemporary date  
metrical plasterwork of the ceiling*



*coat which Sir Francis's great-grandfather  
wore at the Russian Court*



*The dining-room at Avebury, which was redecorated by Sir Richard Holford  
when Queen Anne honoured him with a visit*



*Chris Ware*

*Two centuries old topiary work in the grounds, surrounded by the wall built  
by Sir Richard Holford in the seventeenth century*



## At the Theatre

BEST FROTH  
GUARANTEED

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



A STORM IN A TEACUP blows up between reactionary Old Etonian local leader, Punalu Alani (Alan Webb), and Socialist-minded Governor, Sir George Shotter (Ian Hunter): a storm which visiting writer John Blair Kennedy (Arthur Macrae) views with cynical detachment, and the Colonial Secretary's wife, Cuckoo Honey (Joyce Carey), deeply enjoys

MR. NOËL COWARD'S *South Sea Bubble* at the Lyric is a mere token contribution to the season's new drama, but it has a bubble lightness and a bubble prettiness likely, I should say, to keep it bobbing gaily along for quite a while.

There is this to be said for professionalism in playwriting—that it goes on working and creating certain pleasurable sensations for audiences even when there is no inspiration and even when the professional's individual line in witty extravagance has begun to date. One cannot but admire the cool dexterity with which Mr. Coward in this instance sets out to write a political comedy, thinks better of it and, without destroying what he has already written, proceeds to involve the Governor's lady in the Isle of Samola in a scandalous affair with a native.

The false start confronts the Governor, an amiable but woolly-minded progressive from one of the lesser English schools, with a native reactionary who is an Old Etonian. Delicious juxtaposition! The urbane native with his intellectual grasp of local realities and the Englishman with his dunderheaded faith in the principles of democratic evolution look like becoming good satirical fun. But Mr. Coward is bored with the prospect he has opened up for

himself, and under cover of much engagingly flippant talk he sets the comedy a new course.

The Governor's wife asked to use her wiles for political ends on the Old Etonian's son finds herself locked up alone with the handsome young man in a beach house at midnight. Hali Alani has not had his father's educational advantages, and when he takes to some potent native brew and gets at the native drums he is a bit of a handful for a lady who is only trying to get a little innocent fun out of a diplomatic chore.

THIS is the play's big scene. While Mr. Ronald Lewis drums himself into an alarming frenzy, Miss Vivien Leigh has somehow to keep her wings from getting singed. If she takes too much drink she is lost, and she very nearly is. At almost the last moment she is inspired to dance and while dancing with desperate gaiety she finds the chance to bash her formidable admirer with a bottle.

Mr. Coward makes curiously little of the social and political embarrassments that follow this not very thrilling *coup de théâtre*. He does not even trouble to bring in again the silly woman whose ill-natured tongue has precipitated the adventure. And though he shows the Old Etonian native trying a little blackmail on the indignant Governor, the episode comes to little. It raises again the question whether Samolans should be left to enjoy their marvellous climate in their own possibly corrupt but contented way, or forced to progress according to Socialist theory. But as satire the episode is quite lifeless. Its real purpose is all too plainly to introduce a tell-tale trinket dropped by the Governor's wife in the beach house which she maintains she has never in her life visited.

IN the last act the whole interest lies in watching Miss Leigh lilying her way with cool, ladylike condescension out of a scrape which threatens to involve her and Government House in a most unpleasant scandal. The actress accomplishes the little *tour-de-force* with feline grace, running up and down the scales of feminine effrontery with a lightness and a sureness which keeps the comedy divertingly alive; and she gets a little timely help from a rather unexpected display of native chivalry.

But the best passages of the comedy are really outside the story. There is a flow of brilliantly waspish talk from Mr. Arthur Macrae as the visiting literary celebrity who is told nothing, but apparently understands everything; which is not surprising, since he looks very like a self-portrait of the author. His chief business is to be told by a lady, "You will think me an awful fool, but I have read all your books, and frankly I don't like any of them," and to take his revenge in a later scene consisting of a series of insulting monosyllables which have the effect of wiping the irritating creature out of social existence. Miss Joyce Carey plays the victim with a nice sense of her stinging foolishness.

The other good scene is between Mr. Ian Hunter as the progressive democrat and the wily old native big-wig represented with almost uncanny verisimilitude by Mr. Alan Webb; but neither of these actors is given a chance to make good the start the scene gives them.



DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS get decidedly out of hand when fascinating Lady Alexandra Shotter (Vivien Leigh) finds her political endeavours have been misunderstood by chief's son Hali Alani (Ronald Lewis), carried away by native drumming and alcohol in a cosy hut for two



*One of the lovable bears which have been trained by Valentin Filatov*



*C. G. Popov, the chief clown, prepares*

## The Big Top from Moscow

THE Circus is coming! In these photographs it is the Moscow State Circus which is coming to London's Harringay Arena for a three-week tour beginning on May 21

*The performers march singing round the ring as the circus opens*



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*Tsovkra stages a hair-raising balancing act*

*Michail Egorov defying the laws of gravity*





# SPANGLED ANNIVERSARY

KIERAN TUNNEY



Robert Helpmann



Dame Ninette de Valois

**W**ELL done, Sadler's Wells! It was clever to resist the gala performance routine for the anniversary. The theory that such balletic occasions must include an act from this, a dance from that, and provide an opportunity to see everyone do a "bit" is wrong; for when tackled in this manner a gala merely titillates, just as a meal made up of a succession of *hors d'oeuvre*, no matter how delicious, grows wearisome and monotonous.

Yes, the company's quarter of a century celebrations at Covent Garden—two complete ballets, *The Rake's Progress* and *Façade*,

and a well-devised divertissement—was much more the thing. But, then, it had to be something special to do credit to the world-famous organization that Dame Ninette de Valois's genius and determination created from the minute capital and handful of dancers with which she set out to create an English ballet twenty-five years ago.

**T**HE revival of de Valois's *The Rake's Progress* gave us another opportunity to see Helpmann in one of the few English ballets likely to be performed another quarter of a century from now; for, in its own way, this Hogarthian piece is as perfect as *Les Sylphides*, *Petrouchka* or *The Green Table*.

It should, however, have a permanent place in the Covent Garden repertory as distinct from the performances given it by the younger company at Islington. The argument that it is unsuited to the huge stage is fallacious; re-designed and carefully cast, its drama would get across; and it would provide a work of substance to offset the many feeble ballets in the company's modern repertoire.

No doubt we would see it more often if Helpmann were still

a member of the company; for this great actor-dancer has seldom found a work—on stage or screen—that displays his dramatic gifts so fully. His loss to the ballet is incalculable; he possesses that rare quality for remaining the focal point, whether dancing or standing quite still on a stage. Helpmann should be coaxed or bribed back from the legitimate theatre to Covent Garden as soon as possible; since seeing him again reminds one clearly of the gulf between a competent dancer and a true artist.

**F**REDERICK ASHTON's new ballet, composed specially for the occasion and appropriately titled *Birthday Offering*, turned out to be a series of dances admirably suited to display the talents of prima ballerina Fonteyn, the six ballerine and the company's seven principal male dancers. It made an attractive gala offering; and will, I feel sure, be revived at future anniversaries.

The decision to conclude the evening with *Façade* was a wise one; this burlesque of dancing in terms of dancing is always fun, especially so with Helpmann, Fonteyn and Ashton on hand to give it the required touch of sophistication.

As I left the Opera House, memories of other evenings came crowding back; bringing with them names no longer seen on Covent Garden programmes.

I remembered especially the lovely Moira Shearer; and wished that she, like Helpmann, had not been lured away to the legitimate stage.

I remembered, too, the beautiful Pearl Argyle in *The Gods Go A-Begging*; Alan Carter's superb performance in *Harlequin In The Street*; the exotic June Brae, my favourite Lilac Fairy, in *Dante Sonata*; Moyra Fraser's comedy in an early Helpmann ballet *The Birds*; Joan Ross's crisp brilliance in the *Les Rendezvous* pas de trois; the young Henry Danton in *Les Patineurs*; the cool perfection of Pamela May as the Queen of the Wilis; Sheila McCarthy as a bawdy dancer in *The Rake's Progress*; and the delightfully pert Mary Honer in a variety of rôles, but particularly as a foolish Virgin in an Ashton work no longer in the repertoire.

Congratulations, Dame Ninette. I hope twenty-five years from now you'll still be "out front," keeping an eagle eye on the dancers; and that I shall be there to record the occasion.



A scene from *The Rake's Progress* (left) a ballet displaying Robert Helpmann's unique dramatic gifts

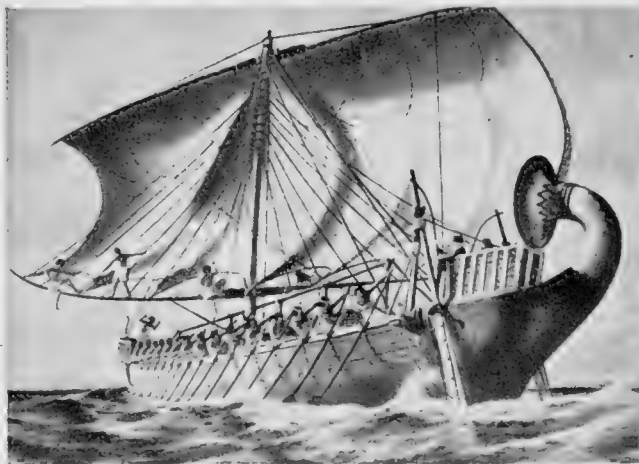
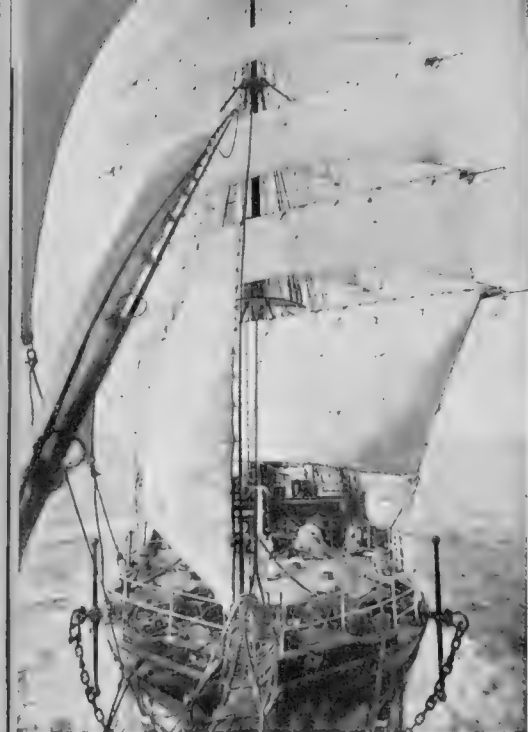
Frederick Ashton, the choreographer, whose work has played such an important part in the Wells' success



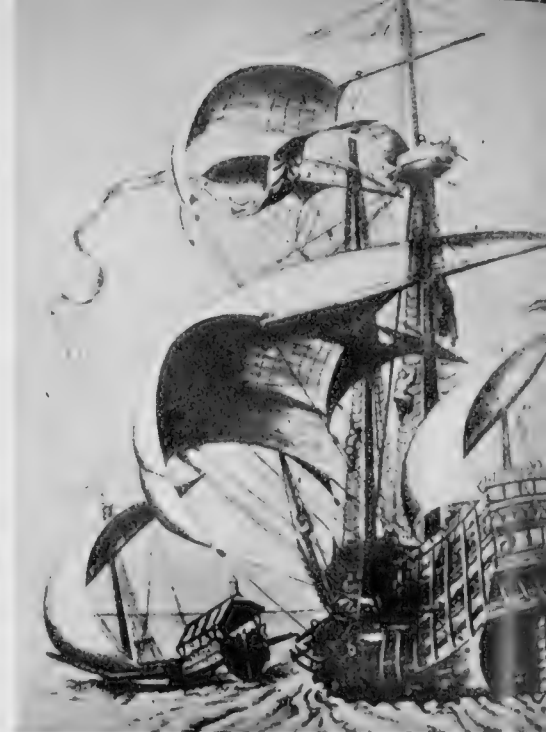


Dame Margot Fonteyn, who is considered to be one of the greatest prima ballerinas in the world today, in her ballet *La Peri*, the new choreography of which is by Frederick Ashton





"WORLDS BEYOND THE HORIZON," by Joachim G. Leithäuser (Allen and Unwin, 40s.), is a fascinating history of discovery from Columbus's time to the present day. Reproduced here from the book are, respectively, Capt. Cook's Discovery I; a seagoing ship of ancient Egypt, about 1500 B.C., and a sixteenth-century Spanish galleon



## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# MR. LLEWELLYN EXAMINES A TRAITOR

RICHARD LLEWELLYN's new novel, *MR. HAMISH GLEAVE* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), is inspired by the Burgess-Maclean case—as the wrapper states this, there seems no harm in saying so. Our hero, who gives his name to the book, is a respected official of the British Foreign Office: we watch him step by step to the edge of the gulf of traitordom, then over it. Hamish Gleave is not, from the first, an attractive character, nor an especially sympathetic one, and Mr. Llewellyn has made no attempt to whitewash him. The story's aim, I take it, is to show how an average, decent chap *might* crack under the pressure of circumstances, under complex inner conflicts, and, most of all, under the vacuum left by lost ideals.

This man has none of the make-up of the crook. He is to a certain extent a dupe, to a still greater extent a victim—though one cannot exonerate him, one can explain him. Product of the upper middle class, he has

witnessed on every side the collapse of the world he was brought up to expect to inherit. His father's outlook, his father's ideas of living, cannot (it seems to the son) be afforded these days: if one ancient code has vanished, or proved invalid, by what new code is a man to abide? Economic stress and changing society lay bare, in Hamish Gleave, a weakness which might never have appeared in easier times.

ADDED to this, Mr. Gleave is leading a double life. For this he has not the temperament; he has been thrown into a deep state of emotional confusion. His love for his indeed very charming wife, Vinny, and his natural pride in his two sons, has not prevented him from becoming entangled with an enchantress of dubious nationality, Myril, from whom (in the interest of his career) he has been taking Russian lessons. Myril's amorous temperament and abilities—detailed by Mr. Llewellyn with surprising precision—set up a spell for him, against all judgment. Socially, she is some-

thing of an embarrassment. Of her affiliations, however, he has not a hint until it is too late: by that time he is a compromised man. For by then already he has formed friendships, responded, in Paris and London, to advances of which he would have done better to fight shy.

VARIOUS are the factors in this downfall: result, a very close-woven plot, scenes which become important by delay action, and conversations (official and otherwise) many layers deep in innuendo.

*Mr. Hamish Gleave*, it is certain, does not make comfortable reading—is the author, one wonders, aware of this? I did not find the story always easy to follow, and the dialogue, instead of being spaced out, is packed into somewhat bulky paragraphs—unnecessary strain on the reader's eye. To miss any point is fatal, and one *may* do so. This is a pity, for *Mr. Hamish Gleave* is a brave if sombre novel which invites thought.

## THE STORM-WRACKED COAST OF BRITTANY

THIS work "Taliferme en Bretagne" by C. F. Daubigny (1817-78) is shown in an exhibition of paintings by the Barbizon School which will be seen at the Hazlitt Gallery, S.W.1, from May 10. The Barbizon brotherhood, led by Theodore Rousseau, were the first French painters to take their easels into the open air and depict landscape as it actually is



**ENCHANTING BELLAMY**, by Cyril Hughes Hartmann (Heinemann, 25s.) is the story of a lady more known to fame in her own epoch than she is, alas, today. George Anne Bellamy, whose intriguing first Christian name resulted from a mistake at the font, was for years the darling of the Georgian public—star actress at Covent Garden in the mid-eighteenth century, she played also for a season or two at Drury Lane. The neck-to-neck rivalry between the two great theatres is not the least of the dramas with which Mr. Hartmann deals in this amiable if somewhat too long biography.

Miss Bellamy, promoted to "Mrs." as her prestige increased, was the illegitimate daughter of Lord Tyrawley, a formidable and somehow engaging *roué*. Her mother, little Miss Seal of Kent, had run away from school at the age of fourteen to join the peer: their union did not last long. The deserted lady later became cantankerous, and George Anne's early days would have been drab had she not caught the fancy of her father—who, oblivious of her existence for some time, returned from abroad and took her in charge. Theatrical opportunity (on, for so young a creature, a daydream scale) came George Anne's way also by happy chance. Her Covent Garden debut was made memorable by an almost total collapse through stage-fright; her farewell appearance, on those same boards, was rendered all but speechless by floods of tears.

**MR. HARTMANN** has done his best to define the secret of Miss Bellamy's hold on the public—so long after her sunset, his task is difficult. Built (one would think) for comedy, she excelled in all the tenderer rôles of classic tragedy. In temperament she was impulsive, optimistic, on the whole injudicious, and literally fatally extravagant: in hopes of repairing her fortunes she turned to authorship after quitting the stage. Whether Mr. Hartmann has been helped or hindered by Miss Bellamy's version of her own life (*An Apology*, six volumes long, published in 1785) it is hard to say—extremely vivacious was her work, but all her facts, apparently, needed checking. The book caused trouble, and had a vogue accordingly.

Miss Bellamy was again and again misled as to the intentions of her suitors. Of three unions, none resulted in marriage. She had several children, to whom she was an anxiety in her later years—and indeed, poor thing, she became a charge on her friends, who were numerous, devoted, often distinguished. She was lovable; one cannot but feel drawn to her. But chiefly, I fancy, *Enchanting Bellamy* will appeal to those who care for theatre history.

**AN** endearing story on an endearing subject. *Minerva* (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.). The author had, for some enchanted months, the privilege of acting mother to a baby she-owl, and she is telling us how that felt. All love, perhaps, holds something of awe and strangeness—and, too, with mysteries go anxieties. To become involved with *Minerva* was no light matter.

*Minerva*, first brought to the door by children, was still in infancy—"I saw the little thing held so tenderly by one of them. Grey-white it was; deliciously fluffy; rounded like a baby's soft toy. Its eyes still closed." Later, the unforgettable, unforgettable inscrutable dark gaze fixed itself on the human mother's face. All the moments of the growing-up are recorded. The dietetic requirements of *Minerva* meant for Mrs. Jeans what, one might have thought, were stomach-turning experiments—fortunately, her daily help thought nothing of bisecting mice too large to be swallowed whole.

Also in close relationship with *Minerva* was her photographer, A. W. P. Robertson, who writes the Introduction. As results show, she knew how to pose adorably.



## Art in the 90s

**MRS. WINTHROP ALDRICH** opened an exhibition of paintings by the nonagenarian Grandma Moses of the U.S.A. at the Matthiesen Gallery. Above: "Out for the Christmas Trees"



*The Countess of Abingdon and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the U.S. Ambassador*



*Mrs. J. Bostrom with her husband*

*Mrs. I. Crosthwaite, the Hon. Mrs. Morys Bruce and the Countess of Bessborough*



*Mrs. G. B. Benson, Mr. A. Kinsman and Mrs. Maclean Martin*

*Mrs. C. Rolo and her daughter-in-law Mrs. R. Rolo*



*Van Hallan*









John French

THE prophecy, on the strength of the Paris Collections, that navy tipped with white would prove a spring winner has been justified. Paul Jonas has designed (left) a wool taffeta shirt front dress with a cascade of sunray pleats to the knees, and furred-under-at-the-hem striped petticoat to add length. Dickins and Jones, £17 19s. 6d. Rima's navy blue square-necked sheath dress (above) has a broad polka dot cummerbund and a very dashing and unusual raglan sleeved fitted bolero. Both of the hats are by Dorothy Carlton

by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez  
Fashion Editress

## STRATEGY OF WHITE-ON-NAVY





**Dark grey casual suit** by Elizabeth Henry (top left), its short jacket slit through at the collar by white silk shantung, repeated on the sleeves. At Rocha, 21½ gns. Hat by Gina Davis

**Navy two-piece** by Christian Dior (London), with the wide shawl collar look (top right) and fitting very short jacket. Robell, Baker Street, approx. 50 gns. Lattice-work straw hat also by Dior

**Gathered black dress**, short sleeved, boat necked (left), by Christian Dior (London), with caraco top just short of the waist. Rocha, approx. 57 gns. With Dior's white banded navy topper

**Dark grey strapless top dress** in shantung (opposite) by Christian Dior (London), shoulder swathed with white organza. Fortnum and Mason, approx. 65 gns. Matching coolie hat by Dior

# TWILIGHT DATE







EMBROIDERY COMES INTO ITS



AN airy, beautiful white silk organza dress (left) by Elizabeth Henry. Its strapless bodice is embroidered with clusters of spring violets and its full skirt encircled with violet strands of metal. From Tina Brown, approx. 48 gns.

CRYSTAL bands decorate the lovely dress (top right), whose graceful flow of gathered silk jersey with a washed bodice gives romance and dignity. This dress, also by Elizabeth Henry, is at Rocha, and is approximately 40 gns.

STIFF faille in cunning interplay of form and fabric makes the outstanding short evening dress by Henri Gowns. It is studded with diamante and pearl and has a wide skirt. Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford St. stock it, 24½ gns.



OWN





## CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Photographed by  
John French

## INTERCHANGE IDEAL

THE new light loose-woven cotton tweeds of the season adapt themselves perfectly to easy-fitting suits, coats and dresses, which are right for either town or country. On the opposite page is a sand-flecked timeless suit with rounded soft lines, three-quarter sleeves and a straight skirt. It is 9 gns. at Peter Robinson's, who also supply the deep brimmed coffee straw hat. Matched over the suit is the cream-flecked straight seven-eighths coat (right), eased to a slight tubular hemline. Peter Robinson, 8½ gns, hat by Otto Lucas. For variation, felt as well as straw can be worn with cotton tweed, as in the circular deep cream hat above, also by Otto Lucas





This soft, fleecy and charmingly embroidered wool stole is to be had in various colours. The price is £4 17s. 6d. from Woollands.



Dennis Smith

## Gay extras for those new outfits from all



FOR town and country, for in and out-of-doors, and for day and evening wear, we have chosen these attractive accessories, which include a couple of "bargain pieces" to suit the more slender purses of the young, as well as one or two articles of outstanding luxury—JEAN CLELAND



Jacmar's exotic scarf (left) is in an unusual "Atlantis" undersea design. Price £4 9s. 6d. Above: Kayser Bondor's attractive shortie gloves with a remarkably good look for 12s. 6d. Obtainable at most leading stores



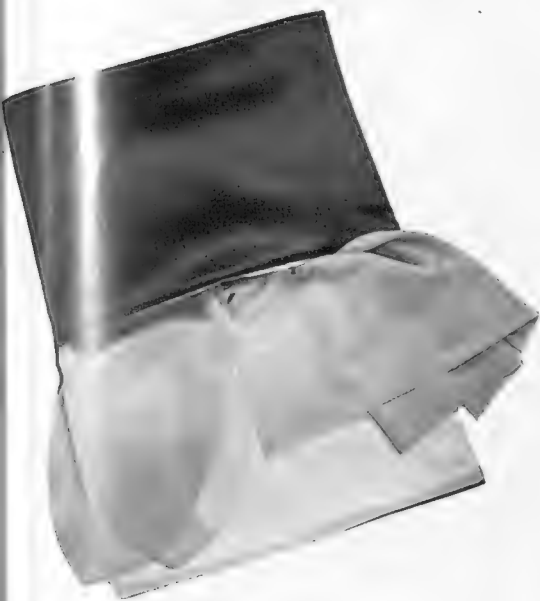


Nylon umbrella with real crocodile handle. Price £8 2s. from Harrods. Crocodile handbag £52 10s., suede gloves £3 3s. from Marshall and Snelgrove



Jumper by Playfair Knitwear, £1 2s. 6d., in various colours. From leading stores. Scarf in Sudan cotton, red and white, 8s. 3d., white necklet, 10s. 6d. Debenham and Freebody

*around the town*



Kayser Bondor's black and gold satin wallet (above) containing two pairs of 75 gauge "Classique" nylons, £1 10s. From most leading stores. Right: Sudan cotton scarves, 8s. 3d. to 15s., Debenham and Freebody. Fisherknit jumper by Playfair Knitwear, £3 4s. 3d. approx. from leading stores





Mary Foster is the founder of the Teen-age Club, now swelled to a vast membership, and the Editor of *Junior Miss*. Under her other name, Olive Cato, she is also Chief Beauty Executive for Yardleys



Beauty

## Teen-age problems

THEY have the right to give advice, who have the heart to help."

This little saying has always seemed to me to be full of wisdom. It marks the vast difference between those who hand out advice *ad lib.*, either from a sense of superiority or because they enjoy pushing other people around, and those who make suggestions with diffidence, and only then when they feel they have something really useful to offer.

To the second group belongs Mary Foster, founder of the Yardley Teen-age Club, who is also Olive Cato, Chief Beauty Executive of the famous firm of Yardley. Having started at the bottom and worked right up to the top, and travelled in the course of her work all over the world, there is little she does not know about the wide subject of beauty culture from every angle. Add to this a warm and "giving" personality, a rich mind with a lively interest in people and things, and you can see that her advice is something to be sought, welcomed, and valued.

SINCERE love of young people inspired Mary Foster to promote her Teen-age Club whose membership, beginning in a modest way, has grown to such an extent that she is now responsible for the start of a similar club in Australia, to help those teen-agers whose beauty problems, owing to climate, are a little different to those we have here. This is an excellent idea, and I should like to be among the first to wish it well.

From time to time Mary Foster brings out an excellent little beauty book called *Junior Miss*. I say "beauty book" because beauty, in a broad sense, is its focal point,

but believe me, it is much more than that. Its contents are rich in advice on a variety of subjects, all of which should prove of real interest and help for the young. Not only for the young in years—for whom the articles are written—but also for those who, whatever their age, are still young in heart. A new *Junior Miss* has just been issued, and is now on the bookstalls. Instead of skimming it through, I read it from cover to cover, and finding it fascinating I determined to bring it to your notice.

VERY wisely, Miss Foster has enlisted a number of famous people to write on their own particular subjects, and so, for the modest price of 1s. 6d., there is much to be learnt from many well-known experts.

Excellent advice comes from the "Top Twelve in Fashion," including such household names as Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, Digby Morton, John Cavanagh and others. Each one gives a helpful and sensible answer to the sort of questions any average girl would be likely to ask, such as "What do you suggest for office wear?" "Do you think that 'separates' or dresses are the most practical wear?" "Do you think it is important for the under twenties to have both long and short evening dresses?"

A chapter called "Your Move" should prove of great interest to all young people.

This deals with exercise in the form of sport, and says "The only way to enjoy it"—i.e., exercise—"is to find some game or pastime, that really appeals to you. Then the exercise involved is merely gloriously incidental. It's amazing the variety of things there are to do, and the facilities there are for doing them. Here is a baker's dozen of suggestions to set you off." There follows all kinds of useful information regarding such sports as riding, swimming, hiking, boating, squash, cycling, etc. Details as to the prices involved, the best way of starting, and names of clubs to join, are all included, making this chapter of real value.

ANOTHER section which I found helpful and delightful is the "Yardley Dictionary," which gives answers to most of the questions you ask. At random, here are a few examples which I asked, and obtained, permission to quote. *A. Appetite.* "Control it. Impossible? Then foil it by nibbling raw carrots, cabbage or apples." *B. Blushing.* "Ignore it, other people are shy too." *C. Curiosity.* "Cultivate it. It may have killed the cat, but lack of it is more likely to kill you (and your friends) with boredom." *G. Gentle.* "The look they like just now. The behaviour that's always in fashion. The voice that attracts and lingers in the memory." *G. Grubby.* "Tut Tut." *H. Habits.* "So easy to form, so hard to lose. Better choose good ones, or the bad ones will creep up on you before you know it." *P. Parents.* "They're people too. You may even be one yourself one day. Be kind to them. Nobody will ever care as much about you as they do." *Z. Zest.* "The best to tackle life with."

BESIDES this amusing and sensible glossary, further articles give sound advice on everything to do with the personal appearance.

In addition to the various beauty sections which deal with make-up, hair, general care of the skin, and a variety of other aspects of beauty culture, there are articles on "Cooking," on "Decorating a Room of your Own," and on "Collecting," but to read all about these you must get the book.

I hope the débutantes who attended Queen Charlotte's ball will enjoy using the lovely scent which was presented to them by Yardley, in a white pack specially got up for the occasion. At the same time, I should like to remind those who have not yet accepted Yardley's invitation to pay a visit to their Beauty School, free of charge,

for advice on skin care and tips on make-up, that the offer is still open. Here there are experts who can give you the benefit of many years' experience and who know exactly the right "drill" for any particular type of skin.

In the words of Mary Foster, "Here's good luck, and wider horizons to all of you."

—Jean Cleland

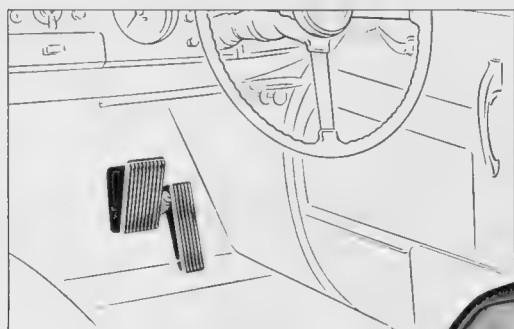


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Bassano

Miss Margaret Greta Cleland, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cleland, of Stormont Court, Godden Green, Sevenoaks, Kent, has announced her engagement to Capt. Godfrey Michael David Thomas, only son of Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, of Marlborough Gate, St. James's Palace, S.W.1

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Pearl Freeman

Miss Polly Vian, younger daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip Vian, and Lady Vian, of Chilbolton, Stockbridge, Hants, is engaged to Capt. E. V. Farquhar, XI Hussars, elder son of Mr. Guy Farquhar, and of Mrs. John Hanbury-Tracy, of Onslow Gardens, S.W.7



Lenore

Miss Ann Chrisp, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. H. Chrisp, of Low Trewhitt, Thropton, Morpeth, Northumberland, is to marry Mr. G. A. (Sandy) Common, only son of Lady Common and the late Sir Andrew Common, D.S.O., of Hunter House, Shotley Bridge, Co. Durham

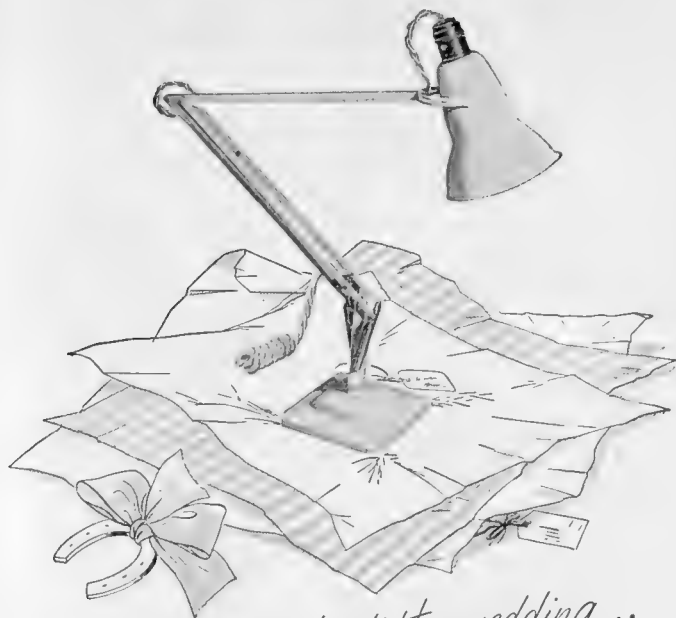


Vandyk

Miss Alison Audrey Curtis, daughter of Major P. P. Curtis, of Lyndhurst, Hants, and Mrs. Charles Bullen-Smith, of Bullington House, Sutton Scotney, Hants, is engaged to Mr. William Ashe Dymoke Windham, younger son of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. H. Stuart Windham, of Priory Cottage, Chicksands, Bedfordshire



Miss Elizabeth Woodward, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Woodward, of Dockacre House, Launceston, Cornwall, is to marry Capt. Brian Robert O'Rorke, 8th Royal Irish Hussars, younger son of Col. M. S. O'Rorke, C.B.E., of Nairobi, Kenya, and Mrs. M. S. O'Rorke, of Cooden Drive, Bexhill



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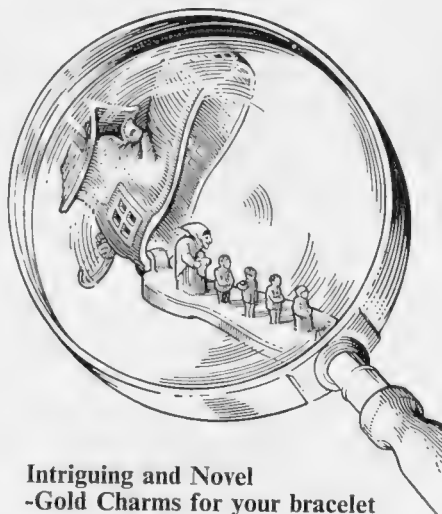
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## Motoring

Oliver Stewart

# A WINNER OF TRAFFIC HONOURS

MUCH has been made of the liveliness of the new range of Daimler motor-cars, but when I took out the One-O-Four saloon on test my object was less concerned with maximum performance than with general handling. The car I tried is basically the same as that which the Daimler Company calls its "Ladies' Model"; that is to say it is the same chassis and engine but it is without the extremely comprehensive fittings and accessories of that model.

Now it is not only women drivers who appreciate automatic and semi-automatic transmission systems; it is all drivers who must spend much of their time in heavy traffic. The automatic transmission may be said to be the child of traffic jams. And although the Daimler fluid flywheel and pre-selector gearbox is not an automatic transmission, it has many of the qualities of one and was really a pioneer of automaticity. That is why, in the survey I am making during the next few months, I decided to begin with the Daimler transmission.

FOR two years I owned a car with this form of transmission; but it acquires fresh merits when joined to the new chassis with its improved acceleration. The driving method is well enough known. The left pedal is a change gear pedal and should not be used as a clutch pedal. A gear is selected by the lever under the wheels and the change is made by a full depression of the left pedal. There is no clutch, for the functions of that component are taken over by the fluid flywheel.

This "slips" at low engine speeds and takes up the drive with progressively reduced slip as the engine speed increases until it is virtually locked solid as in a

direct drive. The engine is started with the pre-selector lever in neutral after a full depression of the left pedal has been made. The engine then idles at less than 500 revolutions a minute (when warm) and, with handbrake on, second gear is pre-selected (first is only needed on hills) and the left pedal is depressed. Second gear is now engaged but, the handbrake being on, the fluid flywheel "slips" and the car remains stationary. Release the handbrake and it will move forward very slowly.

When manoeuvring in a confined space a gear—forward or reverse—should always be kept engaged and the movement made on the fluid flywheel and brake. There is a hand throttle setting for facilitating this process.

THIS emphasis upon driving method is necessary because I was shocked to see a few months ago that a highly respected technical journal recommended using the left pedal as a clutch for garage manoeuvring. There is nothing more liable to cause trouble. For a woman driver the left pedal is too heavy and in any event using it as a clutch is basically unsound.

If the fluid flywheel transmission is correctly employed it gives most of the advantages of a fully automatic transmission. It is a boon in traffic. The One-O-Four proceeds smoothly and easily where less well endowed cars are fretting and fuming. By this means it wins the approval of the driver directly he takes over. In a traffic crawl it can be left all the time in third or top and be made to move on the fluid flywheel, although obviously this method does not give the best performance.

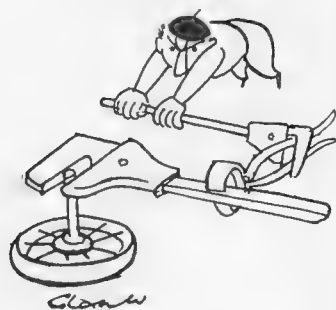
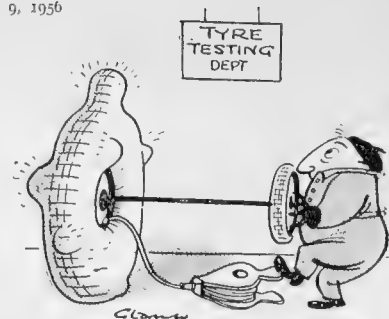
The car I tried had the 3½-litre engine.

A 4½-litre engine is available. This is an overhead valve six-cylinder engine which spins up willingly to 4,500 revolutions a minute and gives sixty miles an hour and a bit in third gear. In top a little over one hundred miles an hour is attainable. Working solely on the fluid flywheel, acceleration from 30 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h. takes 10 secs., and from 30 to 70 m.p.h., 23 secs. Going through the gears and letting the fluid flywheel absorb the jumps, the car fairly surges forward and is up to eighty in a little over half a minute.

IN appearance and in styling the Daimler is outstandingly good. There is evidence of careful workmanship and thoughtful layout everywhere. The instruments are conveniently arranged and have lights and indicators for every conceivable function—oil pressure, charge, headlight dip, traffic signals and so on. I am afraid that even in a Daimler petrol gauges continue to perform their habitual tricks and this one—evidently determined to "sell" me the economy of the car—remained at "three-quarters full" as the miles ticked away and was still at "three-quarters full" when I handed the car back!

A criticism of detail is that the driving mirror is too large. The driver does not want to look at his rear passengers however beautiful they may be, so that any mirror which takes in a greater arc than is subtended by the rear window blanks out too much forward view.

In all I liked the Daimler One-O-Four and found it a quiet, smooth-running yet fast car with highly developed easy-handling characteristics. It is a car which is equally at home and equally pleasant to control on a long, straight open road and in a traffic jam.



THE DAIMLER ONE-O-FOUR saloon with its automatic transmission may be said to be the child of traffic jams, so great is the comfort and advantage under those circumstances. Working solely on the fluid flywheel, the car can reach 80 m.p.h. in a little over half a minute. It costs £2,828 17s.







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## DINING OUT

### Refresher course

I FREQUENTLY find that the average weekend is very likely to become a bore. One does the same sort of thing in the same sort of place *ad infinitum*, so last weekend I tried a variation on the usual theme and it was a great success.

On Saturday by car to Folkestone, to the Burlington Hotel, with a large bedroom facing the sea and the sun (which happened to be shining) and a fresh sea breeze blowing to fill one's rather lethargic lungs. Grilled salmon *Maitre d'Hotel* for dinner, with a bottle of Niersteiner Schmitt bottled by George Schmitt'scher Weingut 1949 at 27s. 6d., and then to bed, to sleep like a log.

Early next morning to Dover, to park the car and see if I could get on the Townsend Ferry to Calais for a couple of hours in France, for which I was feeling homesick, and return on the same boat, and found this to be a simple matter. With an hour to wait I inspected the new lounge-resting room and

bar which is a very smart affair on lease from the Harbour Board to Graham Lyon, whose enterprises include The White Cliffs Hotel, the Hotel de France in Dover and various successful and up-and-coming Motels in different parts of the country.

Here it was a delight to find some sanity in our licensing laws, because I discovered that at 9.30 a.m. or whenever the ship was "in," *bona fide* passengers could get a drink. One may not want a Scotch and soda at 8 o'clock in the morning, but it is the freedom of choice which is so dear to the heart.

So over to France on the S.S. Halladale to meet a lot of old friends among the crew and take a glass of wine with Capt. Dawson in his cabin. In Calais I got a lift into town with one of the cars going on holiday and found myself at the Hotel Metropol, again among old friends, including Frank Spencer who is English and who has been the head waiter there for thirty-five years, some of which during the last war he spent in a German prison camp.

THIS hotel is no longer in the *Michelin Guide*. It used to be just after the war, when it was still half smashed to pieces. The friendly people who ran it in those days are still there, and the food and wine are quite excellent. It has only rather a rough bar and restaurant on the ground floor, but quite adequate bedrooms on the first. Perhaps for tastes accustomed to rebuilt and new hotels garnished with chrome and glitter, it is a little too rough, but it is the only place for me in Calais, and here is what I had for lunch; "*Service Compris*" for 1,100 francs (which is near enough 22s.) sterling. *Le Potage aux Légumes; La Douzaine d'Escargots; Le Poulet de Grain Sauté Hauté Mere Dieu; Les fromages variés avec beurre; palisserie; café;* with half a bottle of white Burgundy, Patriarche, Cuvée Elisabeth 1947, which was a fine wine.

A taxi to the harbour and back to England with another two hours of sunshine and fresh air, and to the Burlington for dinner: Lamb cutlets, new potatoes, green peas, and a bottle of Cabernet Rosé Vin d'Anjou.

On Monday I returned to London on nice clear roads, buying new laid eggs, local honey and daffodils from farms *en route*, stopping for a "quick one" and a slice of game pie with my old friend Conti at his fine old pub The Bell at Oxted, and then to the bedlam of London Town, mightily refreshed.

A VERY peculiar thing occurred the night after my return. I was having an early supper at the Wellington Club in Knightsbridge before going to the theatre and found to my amazement five tintacks in the *Omelette aux Champignons* which I had ordered, so I sent for Victor Ledger with the intention of creating a considerable fuss.

He explained that it was almost certainly due to the fact that when writing about the Club on my last visit, I had described his chef Michael Levy as Jack Levy, which apparently caused him considerable umbrage. As he rightly said, if his name was going to be mentioned at all it should be correct.

My humble apologies and I hope the next time I visit the Club I shall not have to take a magnet with me.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### Good-tempered sweet

DO I imagine that the sweet course is coming into its own again, or is it because I myself am a little more interested in it? Perhaps men who, for the most part, are fond of sweets (and not generally concerned with figure problems) are responsible?

When eggs are at their best, as they are now, I like to make *Crème Renversée au Caramel*, which, in most restaurants, is shortened to "Crème Caramel." It is a wonderfully pleasant and good-tempered sweet, once you get the "hang" of lining the mould with the caramel and poaching the custard so that, when finally turned out, it has no sign of any holes. Apart from these essentials, there is nothing to the making of this sweet.

Here is a very easy way to arrive at the caramel lining: For 4 to 6 servings, put 3 to 4 oz. sugar in a metal caramel mould. Sprinkle them with a teaspoon of lemon juice and a tablespoon of water. Place on an asbestos mat on an electric hot-plate or over a gas ring and, without touching the mixture, very slowly melt the sugar. First, it becomes a clear syrup; next, a straw-coloured one and, gradually, it darkens to caramel.

Have ready a folded wet cloth on the table beside the cooker and when your nose tells you that the caramel stage has been reached, lift the mould (with a thick cloth in hand, of course) and place it on it. This will at once cut down the temperature. Otherwise, the next stage is burnt sugar, even though the mould has been taken from the heat. The wet cloth takes care of that.

Turn the mould round and round, this way and that, so that the inside is entirely coated with the caramel. But, should it have set, hold the mould over a low heat to encourage the caramel to flow again. The mould is then ready for the custard and, if you are going to be pushed for time, it will wait for a day or two.

NOW for the custard itself: Infuse a vanilla pod in a pint of milk. When the desired flavour has been reached, remove the pod. (Wash and dry it and keep it for future occasions.) Beat together 3 to 4 oz. sugar and 4 large eggs (some recipes give 4 yolks and 2 whites), stir the vanilla-flavoured milk into them and strain into the mould. Stand it in a pan of fairly warm water, reaching halfway up, and bake for 35 to 40 minutes in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees Fahr. or gas No. 2 to 3).

When the point of a knife slipped into the centre comes out clean, the



custard is ready. Leave it in the mould until just before the meal. Run the tip of a knife around the edges, place the serving-dish on top, invert the mould and the custard should come out easily. If, however, it is stubborn, draw it with three fingers a little from one side, so that the air gets inside the mould, and there will be no difficulty.

Generally, there is a fair amount of caramel left in the mould itself. In this case, I add a tablespoon or so of hot water to the mould, place it again on an asbestos mat over a low heat so that the caramel melts and can be poured over the unmodelled sweet.

ANOTHER delicious sweet is *Profiteroles au Chocolat*. For this, you require Choux pastry and here is a reliable recipe: Pour  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint water into a pan, add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. butter, cut in slices, and bring to the boil. Add  $2\frac{1}{2}$  oz. sifted flour. Remove from the heat and beat into a thick smooth paste. Return to a low heat. When the mixture leaves the side of the pan in a ball, as it were, remove again and gradually beat into it, a little at a time, two beaten small eggs, until they are well incorporated.

Turn into a savory piping bag, fitted with  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pipe, and pipe little dots of the paste on to a baking-sheet. Bake to a warm gold colour (20 to 25 minutes) in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees Fahr. or gas No. 6). Remove, and at once make a slit in each Profiterole to allow the steam to escape. Leave until cold, then into each pipe whipped, sweetened, vanilla-flavoured cream.

Pile in a pyramid in a serving-dish and, at the last minute, pour a hot chocolate sauce over the Profiteroles.

—Helen Burke

## HOMARD GRILLÉ HANSTOWN

Fendre deux homards crus sur la longueur, en sortir le corail qui sera utilisé plus tard.

Enlever les pinces et les briser, mettre homards at pinces dans un récipient, assaisonner, ajouter un gros oignon émincé, une feuille de laurier, un peu de thym et arroser le tout avec un peu d'huile d'olives, bien mélanger, et laisser mariner trois ou quatre heures.

Entre-temps, piler le corail et incorporer 40 grammes de beurre en pommade; ce mélange sera employé par la suite.

Environ 35 minutes avant de servir, sortir les homards et pinces, mettre à griller tout en arrosant avec un peu de la marinade, quand cuit extraire la chair des pinces, en farcir les coffres et masquer le tout avec le beurre en pommade, mettre au four une ou deux minutes, quand bien rouge dresser et servir avec une sauce béarnaise.

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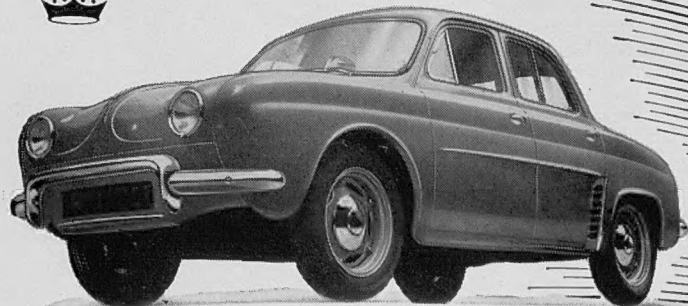
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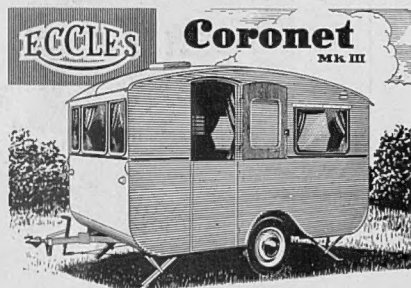
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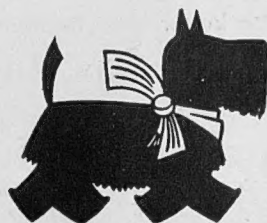
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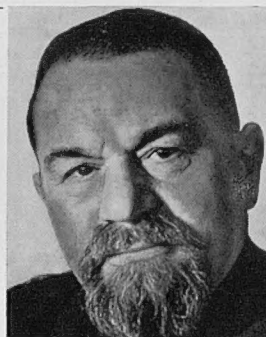
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## IN PERSchwepptive

ALY where it is difficult to dis-  
ture from the general impression,  
dovetailed with millennium, B.C.  
and A.D. tangled up in M.M. (Mille  
is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

fertile galleries, the priceless treasures  
ned with cypresses, and the Via Latina  
ertisements, is a twin-engined Uccello.  
is a souped-up double rustication which  
action at revs. 140. In the able hands  
the Buonarotti (Sistine cylinders) cornered

beautifully. Masaccio then took the lead near the historic  
spot, marked by the lovely Campanile of Carburetti,  
where Caesar (Consul) issued his Fiat, but he was quickly  
overhauled by Bottischwelli in his Isotta-Franschweppski.  
And here is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Such pictures by no means cover every aspect of this  
land of music and melody, where, though the sounding  
of horns is banned in the principal cities, it is often  
more practical, and certainly far more noisy, to draw  
attention to one's presence by a sudden acceleration in  
neutral. And this is a picture of the Doge's Palace.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him